Richard Wagner

# Tristan und Isolde

METROPOLITAN OPERA

**Libretto**

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# MADAMA BUTTERFLY

Opera in Three Acts

*Music by*

*Giacomo Puccini*

Libretto by
L. ILLICA and G. GIACOSA

Based on the book by John L. Long
and the drama by David Belasco

English Version by
RUTH and THOMAS MARTIN

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# *MADAMA BUTTERFLY*

The plot on which *Madama Butterfly* is based first appeared in Century Magazine, 1898, as a short story by the American author, John Luther Long. Through his sister, wife of a missionary stationed in Nagasaki, Long had heard the tale of a Japanese geisha wed to a United States naval officer and then forsaken by him for a bride from his own country. David Belasco, the well-known playwright, director and producer, and a highly individualistic force in the New York theater during the early years of this century, dramatized the story and presented it at the Herald Square Theater on March 5, 1900. The play, starring Blanche Bates as the Japanese girl, was in one act and shared a double bill with Belasco's "Naughty Anthony." It scored a great popular success. The same year, while Puccini was in London to supervise a performance of *Tosca* at Covent Garden, he saw a production of "Madame Butterfly" at the Duke of York's Theatre.

Puccini, though unable to follow the English dialogue, was so moved by the impact of the play that he longed to set it to music at once. Negotiations with Belasco dragged on for more than a year until a contract was signed releasing the operatic rights; and nearly three years followed before the new lyric drama was completed.

On February 17, 1904, when *Madama Butterfly* was booed at its world premiere and the composer took refuge backstage in a dressing room at La Scala so that he might shut out the hostile noise, Puccini stood in full career, with *Manon Lescaut, La Bohème* and *Tosca* to his credit. He was the idol of the Italian operatic world, a celebrity whose works were performed on every continent where lyric theaters were available.

On the day following the disastrous premiere, a council of war was held in Puccini's Milan apartment with the composer, the prima donna, the two librettists (Illica and Giacosa) and the publishers in attendance. It was decided to withdraw the opera from performance. Puccini also resolved upon certain revisions for future mountings of *Butterfly*. Within a short time, these revisions were accomplished. Overworked handling of minor characters during the wedding scene of the first act was eliminated. A suave melody for B. F. Pinkerton, the villian-hero, was interpolated in the closing scene (*Addio, fiorito asil*). The lay figure of Kate Pinkerton was cut to a minimum, her finest musical phrase being switched to the heroine, Cho-Cho-San (*Sotto il gran ponte del cielo*). Most important of all, the long second act was divided into Acts Two and Three, the interlude now serving as curtain-raiser, following an intermission, to the final tableau. The quantitative amount of revision was not great — thirty-odd pages in the full orchestral score — but its strategic importance turned out to be overwhelming. On May 28th of the same year as the unsuccessful premiere, *Madama Butterfly* made a second entrance upon the scene in the relatively modest theater of Brescia. Since the original Cho-Cho-San, Rosina Storchio, was by this time fulfilling previous contracts in South America, a new heroine, Salomea Krucenisca, was engaged. Most of musical Milan came to Brescia for the performance; and now, with its masterly revisions pointing up the excellence of the work as a whole, *Butterfly* won a triumph which has never since been reversed.

# *THE STORY*

ACT I. On a flowering terrace above Nagasaki harbor, U.S. Navy Lieutenant B. F. Pinkerton inspects the house he has leased from a marriage broker, Goro, who has procured him three servants and a geisha wife known as Madama Butterfly (Cho-Cho-San). To American Consul Sharpless, who arrives breathless from climbing the hill, Pinkerton describes his carefree philosophy of a navy man roaming the world in search of pleasure. For the moment, he is enchanted with the fragile Cho-Cho-San and intends to go through a marriage ceremony with her —for ninety-nine years, but subject to monthly renewal. When Sharpless warns that the girl may not take her vows so lightly as he regards his, the Lieutenant brushes aside such scruples, adding that he will one day take a "real" American wife. At that moment Cho-Cho-San is heard in the distance joyously singing of her wedding day. After she has entered, surrounded by her friends, she tells Pinkerton how, when her family fell on hard times, she had to earn her living as a geisha. Soon her relatives arrive and noisily express their opinions on the marriage. When she finds a quiet moment, Cho-Cho-San shows her bridegroom her few earthly treasures, telling him her intention of embracing his Christian faith. With much pomp and ceremony the Imperial Commissioner performs the wedding ceremony, after which the guests toast the couple. Suddenly Cho-Cho-San's uncle, a Buddhist priest, bursts upon the scene, cursing the girl for having renounced her ancestors' religion. Pinkerton angrily orders priest and family to leave. Alone with his bride, he dries her tears and reminds her that night is falling. Helped by her maid Suzuki into a pure white kimono, Cho-Cho-San joins the ardent Pinkerton in the moonlit garden, where they sing of their love. Swept on the tides of passion, the lieutenant picks up his tiny bride and carries her into the house.

ACT II. Three years later, Cho-Cho-San still waits for her husband's return. As Suzuki prays to her gods for aid, her mistress stands by the doorway, her eyes fixed on the harbor. The maid urges Cho-Cho-San to remarry, for Pinkerton will never return; in reply, she bids Suzuki have faith—one fine day his ship will appear on the horizon. The Consul comes with a letter from the lieutenant, but before he can read it to Cho-Cho-San, Goro, who has been lurking outside, brings in the latest of a long line of suitors for her hand. The girl dismisses both him and the wealthy Prince Yamadori, insisting that her American husband has not deserted her. When they are alone, Sharpless again starts to read her the letter, suggesting as tactfully as he can that Pinkerton may never return. Cho-Cho-San proudly carries forth their child, insisting that as soon as Pinkerton knows of his son, he will surely come back. Moved by her devotion and lacking the heart to tell her of the lieutenant's remarriage, Sharpless leaves. Cho-Cho-San, on the point of despair, hears a cannon report; seizing a spyglass, she discovers Pinkerton's ship entering the harbor. Delirious with joy, she orders Suzuki to help her strew the house with flower petals. Then, as night falls, she dons her wedding gown and, with her son and Suzuki, waits by the door for her husband's return.

ACT III. As dawn breaks, Suzuki insists that Cho-Cho-San rest. Humming a lullaby to her child, she carries him to another room. Before long, Sharpless, Pinkerton and then Kate, his new wife, enter. When Suzuki realizes who the American woman is, she collapses in despair; out of consideration for her mistress, however, she agrees to aid in breaking the news to her. Pinkerton, overcome

with remorse, bids an anguished farewell to the scene of his former happiness, then rushes away. No sooner is he gone than Cho-Cho-San comes forth, expecting to find him but finding Kate instead. She takes but a moment to guess the truth. Leaning on Suzuki for support, she agrees to give up her child if the father will return for him. Then sending even Suzuki away, she takes forth the dagger with which her father committed suicide and bows before a statue of Buddha. Just as she raises the blade, Suzuki pushes the child into the room. Tearfully sobbing a farewell to him, Cho-Cho-San sends him into the garden to play. Then, crouching behind a screen, she stabs herself falling forward in the agony of death as Pinkerton's voice is heard in the distance calling her name.

*Courtesy of Opera News*

# *CAST OF CHARACTERS*

MADAMA BUTTERFLY (Cho-Cho-San) . . . . . Soprano

SUZUKI, her servant . . . . . Mezzo-Soprano

KATE PINKERTON . . . . . Mezzo-Soprano

B. F. PINKERTON, Lieutenant in the United States Navy . . . . . Tenor

SHARPLESS, United States Consul at Nagasaki . . . . . Baritone

GORO, a marriage broker . . . . . Tenor

PRINCE YAMADORI . . . . . Baritone

THE BONZE, Cho-Cho-San's uncle . . . . . Bass

YAKUSIDÉ . . . . . Baritone

THE IMPERIAL COMMISSIONER . . . . . Bass

THE OFFICIAL REGISTRAR . . . . . Baritone

CHO-CHO-SAN'S MOTHER . . . . . Mezzo-Soprano

THE AUNT . . . . . Mezzo-Soprano

THE COUSIN . . . . . Soprano

SORROW, Cho-Cho-San's child

Cho-Cho-San's relatives and friends, servants

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The action takes place at Nagasaki.

# MADAMA BUTTERFLY

## ATTO PRIMO

COLINA PRESSO NAGASAKI

Casa giapponese, terrazza e giardino. In fondo, al basso, la rada, il porto, la città di Nagasaki.

PINKERTON E GORO

(*Goro fa visitare la casa a Pinkerton, che passa di sorpresa in sorpresa.*)

PINKERTON

E soffitto . . . e pareti . . .

GORO

(*godendo della sorprese*)

Vanno e vengono a prova
a norma che vi giova
nello stesso locale
alternar nuovi aspetti ai consueti.

PINKERTON

(*cercando intorno*)

Il nido nuział
dov'è?

GORO

(*accennando a due locali*)

Qui, o là . . . secondo . . .

PINKERTON

Anch'esso a doppio fondo!
La sala?

GORO

(*mostra la terrazza*)

Ecco!

PINKERTON

(*stupito*)

All'aperto?. . .

GORO

(*mostrando il chiudersi d'una parete*)

Un fianco scorre . . .

PINKERTON

Capisco! Un altro . . .

GORO

Scivola!

PINKERTON

E la dimora frivola . . .

GORO

(*protestando*)

Salda come una torre
da terra, fino al tetto.

PINKERTON

È una casa a soffietto.

GORO

(*batte tre volte le mani palma a palma; entrano due uomini ed una donna e si genuflettono innanzi a Pinkerton*)

Questa è la cameriera

(*accennando*)

che della vostra sposa
fu già serva amorosa.
Il cuoco . . . il servitor. Son confusi
del grande onore.

PINKERTON

I nomi?

GORO

(*presentando*)

Miss Nuvola leggiera —
Raggio di sol nascente. — Esala aromi.

SUZUKI

(*fatta ardita*)

Sorride Vostro Onore? —
Il riso è frutto e fiore.
Disse il savio Ocunama:
dei crucci la trama
smaglia il sorriso. Schiude alla perla il guscio,
apre all'uom l'uscio
del Paradiso.
Profumo degli Dei . . .
Fontana della vita . . .

(*Goro accorgendosi che Pinkerton comincia ad essere infastidito dalla loquela di Suzuki batte le mani. — I tre si alzano e fuggono rapidamente rientrando in casa*).

PINKERTON

A chiacchiere costei
mi par cosmopolita.

(*a Goro andato in fondo ad osservare*)

Che guardi?

GORO

Se non giunge ancor la sposa.

PINKERTON

Tutto è pronto?

# MADAMA BUTTERFLY

## ACT I

### Hill Near Nagasaki

*(A Japanese house, terrace and garden. Below, in the background, the bay, the harbor and the town of Nagasaki. Goro is showing Pinkerton the house. Pinkerton passes from one surprise to another.)*

PINKERTON

All the doors and partitions . . .

GORO (*enjoying his surprise*)

You can easily change them
And quickly re-arrange them,
So without any trouble,
You have varied effects and dispositions.

PINKERTON (*looking around*)

The newly married pair sleeps where?

GORO (*pointing in two directions*)

Here, or there, depending . . .

PINKERTON

Surprises never ending!
The parlor?

GORO (*showing the terrace*)

I'll show you.

PINKERTON (*amazed*)

In the open?

GORO

(*making a partition slide out*)

A simple motion . . .

PINKERTON

It's novel and easy! Another —

GORO

Sliding wall!

PINKERTON

Frail as a paper parasol!

GORO

Solid as any fortress,
Convenient for expansion.

PINKERTON

What a practical mansion!

GORO

*(claps his hands twice loudly; enter two men and a woman, who go down on their hands and knees in front of Pinkerton)*

This is your bride's companion,
Dependable and steady.
She has served her already.
The servant — and then the cook . . .
They're confused by the signal honor.

PINKERTON

Who are they?

GORO (*introducing them*)

Miss Floating Cloud in heaven —
Ray the Sun at dawning —
Perfume of Roses.

SUZUKI (*grown bolder*)

Your Excellence is smiling?
"A smile is like a flower" said the sage Ocunama:
Smiles unfold the wonder of Heaven's portals.
A smile can destroy
All woe by its power.
Rivalling pearls in splendor,
Smiles unfold the wonder of Heaven's portal,
The blessing of the Gods and the spark of life immortal,"
Said the sage Ocunama;
"A smile can destroy all woe by its power."

*(Goro, perceiving that Pinkerton begins to be bored at Suzuki's loquacity, claps his hands twice. The three rise and quickly disappear into the house.)*

PINKERTON

No matter where her home,
A woman likes to chatter.

*(to Goro, who has gone to the back to look out)*

You're looking?

GORO

For the bride and her companions.

PINKERTON

Your arrangements?

GORO

Ogni cosa.

PINKERTON

Gran perla di sensale!

GORO

(*ringrazia con profondo inchino*)

Qui verran: l'Ufficiale
del registro, i parenti, il vostro Console,
la fidanzata. Qui si firma l'atto
e il matrimonio è fatto.

PINKERTON

E son molti i parenti?

GORO

La suocera, la nonna, lo zio Bonzo
(che non ci degnerà di sua presenza)
e cugini! e le cugine . . .
Mettiam fra gli ascendenti
ed i collaterali, un due dozzine.
Quanto alla discendenza . . .

(*con malizia ossequiosa*)

provvederanno assai
Vostra Grazia e la bella Butterfly.

(*si ode la voce di Sharpless il Console, che sale il colle*)

PINKERTON

Gran perla di sensale!

LA VOCE DI SHARPLESS

(*un po' lontano*)

E suda e arrampica!
sbuffa, inciampica!

GORO

(*che è accorso al fondo, annuncia a Pinkerton*)

Il Consol sale.

SHARPLESS

(*appare sbuffando: Goro si prosterna innanzi al Console*)

Ah! . . . quei ciottoli
m'hanno sfiaccato!

PINKERTON

(*va incontro a Sharpless — i due si stringono la mano*)

Bene arrivato.

GORO

Bene arrivato.

SHARPLESS

Ouff!

PINKERTON

Presto, Goro,
qualche ristoro.

(*Goro entra in casa frettoloso*)

SHARPLESS

(*guardando intorno*)

Alto.

PINKERTON

(*mostrandogli il panorama*)

Ma bello!

SHARPLESS

(*contemplando il mare e la città sottoposti*)

Nagasaki, il mare!
il porto . . .

PINKERTON

(*accennando alla casa*)

e una casetta
che obbedisce a bacchetta.

SHARPLESS

Vostra?

PINKERTON

La comperai
per novecento novantanove anni,
con facoltà, ogni mese,
di rescindere i patti.
Sono in questo paese
elastici del par case e contratti.

SHARPLESS

E l'uomo esperto ne profitta.

(*Goro viene frettoloso dalla casa, seguito dai due servi; portano bicchieri, bottiglie e due poltrone di vimini; depongono bicchieri e bottiglie su di un piccolo tavolo e tornano in casa*)

PINKERTON

Certo.
Dovunque al mondo
lo Yankee vagabondo
si gode e traffica
sprezzando i rischi.
Affonda l'áncora alla ventura
finchè una raffica . . .

(*Pinkerton's interrompe per offrire da bere a Sharpless*)

Milk-Punch, o Wisky?

(*riprende*)

. . . scompigli nave e ormeggi, alberatura.
La vita ei non appaga
se non fa suo tesor
i fiori d'ogni plaga,
d'ogni bella gli amor.

GORO
All completed.

PINKERTON
A most efficient fellow!

GORO (*thanks with a deep bow*)
Now the guests . . . First of all the Town Recorder,
The relations, the bride-to-be, of course,
And then your Consul.
Then a simple ritual,
And the marriage is official.

PINKERTON
Are there many relations?

GORO
Her mother and an uncle who's the Bonze,
(But he will never grace us with his presence)
Then the male and female cousins —
With kind felicitations,
The in-laws and their kindred — about two dozen.
As to your own descendants,
(*with obsequious presumption*)
I know there will be many,
Thanks to you, Sir, and Madame Butterfly.

PINKERTON
A most efficient fellow!
(*The voice of the Consul Sharpless, who is climbing the hill, is heard.*)

THE VOICE OF SHARPLESS
(*rather far off*)
I'm climbing courageously! Puffing outrageously!

GORO
(*who has run to the back, announces*)
His grace, the Consul.

SHARPLESS
(*enters, quite out of breath, Goro bows low before him*)
Ah! those pebblestones
Left me exhausted!

PINKERTON
(*goes to meet the Consul; they shake hands*)
I bid you welcome!

GORO
I bid you welcome.

PINKERTON
Hurry, Goro,
Bring us refreshments.
(*Goro hurries into the house.*)

SHARPLESS (*looking about*)
Airy!

PINKERTON
(*showing him the view*)
But lovely!

SHARPLESS
(*looking at the sea and the town below*)
Nagasaki — the ocean — the harbor —

PINKERTON
(*pointing to the house*)
Nothing to say
Of my little chalet!

SHARPLESS
Yours?

PINKERTON
Yes, I have bought it
For nine hundred and ninety-nine years only,
But ev'ry month, at my option,
I may cancel the contract.
This Japan is fantastic,
The contracts and the houses
Are elastic.

SHARPLESS
A clever man can make his profit.
(*Goro comes bustling out of the house, followed by the two servants. They bring glasses, bottles and two wicker chairs; place the glasses and bottles on a small table, and return to the house.*)

PINKERTON
Surely.
(*invites Sharpless to be seated*)
Afar and yonder,
We Yankees like to wander,
Follow our lucky star,
Scornful of danger.
We anchor anywhere
We find alluring —
(*breaking off to offer Sharpless a drink*)
You'll have a whisky?
(*resuming*)
We anchor anywhere
We find alluring
'Till one big hurricane or sweeping wave
Will tear us from our mooring.
We live in fullest measure
On a far foreign shore
Until we reap its treasure . . .

SHARPLESS

È un facile vangelo
che fa la vita vaga
ma che intristisce il cuor.

PINKERTON
(*continuando*)

Vinto si tuffa e la sorte riacciuffa.
Il suo talento
fa in ogni dove.
Cosi mi sposo all'uso giapponese
per novecento
novantanove anni,
Salvo a prosciogliermi ogni mese.
"America forever!"

SHARPLESS

"America forever." Ed è bella
la sposa?

GORO

(*che ha udito, si avanza premuroso ed insinuante*)

Una ghirlanda
di fior freschi. Una stella
dai raggi d'oro.
E per nulla: sol cento yen.

(*al Console*)

Se Vostra Grazia mi comanda
ce n'ho un assortimento.

(*il Console ridendo, ringrazia*)

PINKERTON
(*con viva impazienza*)

Va, conducila Goro.

(*Goro corre in fondo e scompare discendendo il colle: i due servi rientrano in casa. Pinkerton e Sharpless siedono*).

SHARPLESS

Quale smania vi prende!
Sareste addirittura cotto?

PINKERTON

Non so!
Dipende dal grado di cottura!
Amore o grillo dir non saprei.
Certo costei
m'ha coll' ingenue arti invescato.
Lieve qual tenue vetro soffiato
alla statura, al portamento
sembra figura da paravento.
Ma dal suo lucido fondo di lacca
come con subito moto si stacca,
qual farfalletta svolazza e posa
con tal grazietta silenziosa
che di rincorrerla furor m'assale
se pure infrangerne dovessi l'ale.

SHARPLESS
(*seriamente e bonario*)

Ier l'altro, il Consolato
sen' venne a visitar!
Io non la vidi, ma l'udii parlar.
Di sua voce il mistero
l'anima mi colpì.
Certo quando è sincero
l'amor parla così.
Sarebbe gran peccato
le lievi ali strappar
e desolar forse un credulo cuor.
Quella divina
mite vocina
non dovrebbe dar note di dolor.

PINKERTON

Console mio garbato,
quetatevi! Si sa,
la vostra età è di flebile umor.
Non c'è gran male
s'io vo' quell'ale
drizzare ai dolci voli dell'amor!

(*offre di nuovo da bere*)

Wisky?

SHARPLESS

Un altro bicchiere.

(*Pinkerton colma anche il proprio bicchiere*)

Bevo alla vostra famiglia lontana.

SHARPLESS

That's a free and easy gospel!

PINKERTON

Lovely girls to adore —

SHARPLESS

A free and easy gospel;
It may offer you pleasure,
But hurt your spirit more.

PINKERTON (*continuing*)

No one can rival our will for survival,—
Always successful, nothing is beyond us.
This country's law is worthy of adoption:
I wed for nine hundred ninety-nine years only.
But I reserve the right to drop the option.

SHARPLESS

A free and easy gospel.

PINKERTON

"America forever!"

SHARPLESS

"America forever!"
Is your bride very lovely?

GORO

(*who has overheard, approaches the terrace officously*)

Fair as a garland
Of fragrant flowers!
Golden sunlight's own radiant daughter.
And for only a hundred yen!.
And if your Honor so desires,
I have a fine selection.

(*The Consul laughingly declines.*)

PINKERTON (*very impatiently*)

Quick, go out and escort her.

(*Goro runs to the back and disappears down the hill.*)

SHARPLESS

How you're longing to see her!
That's what I call infatuation!

PINKERTON

(*rises impatiently. Sharpless rises also.*)

May be, may be! Depends what you call infatuation!
It may be love or a whim that is fleeting.
My heart is beating,
Madly ensnared with her charm that excites me.
Artless and tender, her candor delights me,
Fragile and slender, with a serene air
Such as you see a carved figurine wear.
Suddenly free of her shiny surrounding,
Fluttering on with a grace that's astounding,
My lovely Butterfly moves or reposes,
Softly as zephyrs touching the roses.
Driven by strong desire, I must pursue her,
Unmindful of the harm that I may do her.

SHARPLESS (*seriously and kindly*)

She came to pay a visit
To the consulate one day last week.
I did not see her, but I heard her speak;
Her mysterious charming voice was a joy to hear.
Surely only the voice of love is so sincere!
It would indeed be shameful
To break such delicate wings
And bring despair to a poor trusting heart.
A voice so charming,
And so disarming,
Never should have a moment grieved and sad.

PINKERTON

Sharpless, my friend, don't worry,
And try to understand.
Men of your age are beyond romantic love.
What's so alarming,
Whom am I harming?
I'll guide those wings to love,
Is that so bad?

(*offers him more drink*)

Whisky?

SHARPLESS

Alright, then, another.

(*Pinkerton fills up his own glass as well.*)

Here's to your dear ones
At home and so distant.

PINKERTON

(*leva il calice*)

E al giorno in cui mi sposerò con vere nozze, a una vera sposa americana.

GORO

(*riappare correndo, venendo dal basso della collina*)

Ecco! Son giunte al sommo del pendìo.
(*accennando verso il sentiero*)

Già del femmineo sciame
qual di vento in fogliame
s'ode il brusìo.

LE AMICHE

Ah!
Quanto cielo! Quanto mar!

VOCE DI BUTTERFLY

Ancora un passo or via. Aspetta.

ALTRE VOCI

Come sei tarda.
Ecco la vetta.
Guarda, guarda quanti fior!

VOCE DI BUTTERFLY

Spira sul mare e sulla terra
un primaveril soffio giocondo.
Io sono la fanciulla
più lieta del Giappone, anzi del mondo.
Amiche, io son venuta
al richiamo d'amor;
d'amor venni alle soglie
ove s'accoglie
il bene di chi vive e di chi muor.

LE AMICHE

Gioia a te sia
dolce amica, ma pria
di varcare la soglia che t' attira
volgiti e mira
le cose tutte che ti son sì care.
Quanti fior! Quanto cielo! Quanto mare!

SHARPLESS

O allegro cinguettar di gioventù!

(*Appaiono, superato il pendìo della collina, Butterfly colle amiche, tutte hanno grandi ombrelli aperti, a vivi colori*)

BUTTERFLY

Siam giunte.
(*vede il gruppo dei tre uomini e riconosce Pinkerton. Chiude subito l'ombrello e pronta addita Pinkerton alle amiche*)
B. F. Pinkerton. Giù.
(*si genuflette*)

LE AMICHE

(*chiudono gli ombrelli e si genuflettono*)
Giù.
(*poi tutte si alzano e si avvicinano a Pinkerton, cerimoniosamente*)

BUTTERFLY

Gran ventura.

LE AMICHE

Riverenza.

PINKERTON

(*sorridendo*)
È un po' dura
la scalata?

BUTTERFLY

(*compassata*)
A una sposa
costumata
più penosa è
l' impazienza...

PINKERTON

(*un po' derisorio*)
Molto raro
complimento.

BUTTERFLY

(*ingenua*)
Dei più belli
ancor ne so.

PINKERTON

(*rincalzando*)
Dei gioielli!

BUTTERFLY

(*volendo sfoggiare il suo repertorio di complimenti*)
Se vi è caro
sul momento...

PINKERTON

Grazie... no.

SHARPLESS

(*ha osservato prima curiosamente il gruppo delle fanciulle, poi si è avvicinato a Butterfly che lo ascolta con attenzione*)
Miss Butterfly. Bel nome, vi sta a meraviglia.
Siete di Nagasaki?

BUTTERFLY

Signor sì. Di famiglia
assai prospera un tempo.
(*alle amiche*)
Verità?

PINKERTON (*raising his glass*)
And to that not so distant day,
When I shall marry — once and for all time, —
One chosen American girl.

GORO
(*reappears running breathlessly up the hill*)
Listen! They're coming,
A lively swarm of bees!
Already you can hear the female chatter,
As clear as wind in the trees.
(*The confused and lively hubbub of many voices is heard from the path. Pinkerton and Sharpless retire to the back of the garden, watching the path on the hill.*)

BUTTERFLY'S VOICE
Another moment more . . . Be patient.

OTHER VOICES
Ah! Sky and ocean, near and far.
Why don't you hurry?
We're at the summit.
See the lovely, lovely view!

BUTTERFLY'S VOICE
Above the smiling land and ocean
The air of springtime seems to hover!
I know I am the happiest girl in all Japan
Or the world over.
Companions, love has summoned,
And I heeded the call, — the call to dawning glory,
Proudly bestowing the precious gifts
That life and death mean for all.
I am happy, I am content
With my fortune, and more,
I have answered Love's call
And I stand with faith unbounded
Before Love's door.

SHARPLESS
Oh, happy, carefree heart of joyous youth!

GIRL FRIENDS
Dearest friend, we wish you joy
For your future,
But pause as you depart
To all your heart's desiring,
And turn admiring.
Marvel at the beauty overflowing
Near and far.
Dearest friend, may your new life
Be bright and joyous,
But as you depart, remember
All that you once held so dear
And turn, admiring.

BUTTERFLY
We're here now.
(*She sees the three men standing together and recognizes Pinkerton. She promptly closes her parasol and introduces Pinkerton to her friends.*)
B. F. Pinkerton. Bow.

THE GIRL FRIENDS
(*close their parasols and go to their knees*)
Bow!
(*then they all rise and ceremoniously approach Pinkerton*)

BUTTERFLY
We are honored —

THE GIRL FRIENDS
We are honored —

PINKERTON (*smiling*)
Was the climb a little tiring?

BUTTERFLY (*measuredly*)
Any bride who waits aspiring,
Finds the waiting far more tiring.

PINKERTON
(*rather sarcastically, but not unkindly*)
That's a rare and gracious tribute.

BUTTERFLY (*ingenuously*)
I could pay you many more.

PINKERTON (*good humoredly*)
Priceless treasures!

BUTTERFLY
(*anxious to show off her stock of compliments*)
Would you like
To hear me say them . . .

PINKERTON (*gently*)
Thank you — no.

SHARPLESS
(*after scanning the group of maidens with curiosity, approaches Butterfly, who listens to him attentively*)
Miss Butterfly — how charming!
It fits you exactly. Are you from Nagasaki?

BUTTERFLY
Yes, I am, and my people
At one time were wealthy.
(*to her friends*)
Is it true?

LE AMICHE
(*approvando premurose*)
Verità!

BUTTERFLY
Nessuno si confessa mai nato in povertà
e non c'è vagabondo che a sentirlo non
sia di gran prosapia. Eppure
conobbi la ricchezza. Ma il turbine
rovescia
le quercie più robuste . . . e abbiam fatto la ghescia
per sostentarci.
(*alle amiche*)
Vero?

LE AMICHE
(*confermano*)
Vero!

BUTTERFLY
Non lo nascondo
nè m' adonto.
(*vedendo che Sharpless sorride*)
Ridete? Perchè? . . . Cose del mondo.

PINKERTON
(*ha ascoltato con interesse e si rivolge a Sharpless*)
(Con quel fare di bambola quando parla m'infiamma.)

SHARPLESS
(*anch'esso interessato dalle chiacchiere di Butterfly, continua a interrogarla*)
E ci avete sorelle?

BUTTERFLY
No signore. Ho la mamma.

GORO
(*con importanza*)
Una nobile dama.

BUTTERFLY
Ma senza farle torto
povera molto anch'essa.

SHARPLESS
E vostro padre?

BUTTERFLY
(*si arresta sorpresa — poi secco secco risponde:*)
Morto.

SHARPLESS
(*a Butterfly*)
Quanti anni avete?

BUTTERFLY
(*con civetteria quasi infantile*)
Indovinate.

PINKERTON
Dieci.

BUTTERFLY
Crescete.

SHARPLESS
Venti.

BUTTERFLY
Calate.
Quindici, netti, netti;
sono vecchia diggià.

SHARPLESS
Quindici anni!

PINKERTON
Quindici anni!

SHARPLESS
L'età dei giuochi . . .

PINKERTON
e dei confetti
(*Goro nel seguire i servi che rientrano in casa si accorge che altre persone salgono il colle: osserva; poi corre ad annunciare a Pinkerton e a Sharpless:*)

GORO
(*con importanza*)
L'imperial Commissario e l'Ufficiale
del registro — i congiunti.

PINKERTON
(*a Goro*)
Fate presto.
(*Goro corre in casa*)
Che burletta
la sfilata
della nova parentela,
tolta imprestito a mesata.

ALCUNI PARENTI
(*con molta curiosità a Butterfly*)
Dov'è? dov'è?

BUTTERFLY
(*indicando Pinkerton*)
Eccolo là!

I.A CUGINA
Bello non è.

BUTTERFLY
(*offesa*)
Bello è così
che non si può
sognar di più.

HER GIRL FRIENDS
(*assenting with alacrity*)
It is true!

BUTTERFLY
There's no one who admits that his family was poor . . .
Ev'ry homeless beggar will proclaim his descent
From noble parents.
However, we were really wealthy.
But a hurricane in fury can fell the strongest oak tree . . .
And so we danced as geishas, to earn our living.
(*to her friends*)
Did we?

THE FRIENDS (*corroborating*)
Surely!

BUTTERFLY
I do not hide it,
It's not shameful.
(*seeing that Sharpless smiles*)
You're laughing? But why? Fate so decided!

PINKERTON
(*has listened with interest and turns to Sharpless*)
(She's so sweet and adorable, she completely enchants me.)

SHARPLESS
(*he also is interested in Butterfly's prattle, and continues to question her*)
Have you brothers and sisters?

BUTTERFLY
No, your Honor. Just my mother.

GORO (*importantly*)
She's a lady of station.

BUTTERFLY
Truly it must be said, though
She lives in great privation.

SHARPLESS
And your father?

BUTTERFLY
(*stops short in surprise, then answers very shortly*)
Dead!
(*The friends hang their heads. Goro is embarrassed. They all fan themselves nervously.*)

SHARPLESS (*to Butterfly*)
And how old are you? —

BUTTERFLY
(*with almost childish coquetry*)
I'll let you guess it!

SHARPLESS
Ten, say.

BUTTERFLY
Too little.

SHARPLESS
Twenty.

BUTTERFLY
Too high now. Fifteen I am exactly;
I am well on in years.

SHARPLESS
Only fifteen! A tender age.

PINKERTON
Only fifteen! But how delightful!
(*To Goro, who claps his hands, summoning the three servants, who come running out from the house: Goro gives them the orders which he takes from Pinkerton.*)
(*Goro is just about to follow the servants into the house, when he perceives more people climbing the hill; he goes to look, then runs to announce the new arrivals to Pinkerton and to Sharpless.*)

GORO (*importantly*)
The Imperial Commissioner —
The Municipal Recorder — the relations.

PINKERTON (*to Goro*)
Get it over.
(*Goro runs into the house.*)
What a comedy, this parading
Of my Nipponese relations,
Rented out by monthly trading.

SOME OF THE RELATIONS
(*with great curiosity, to Butterfly*)
He's where?

BUTTERFLY
(*pointing to Pinkerton*)
Right over there!

FIRST COUSIN
He's not so fine — if you ask me —

BUTTERFLY (*offended*)
No man could be
Finer than he, —
Too good for you!

LA MADRE DI BUTTERFLY
Mi pare un re!
LO ZIO
Vale un Perù.
PINKERTON
Certo dietro a quella vela
di ventaglio pavonazzo
la mia suocera si cela.
E quel coso da strapazzo
è lo zio briaco e pazzo.
LA CUGINA
Goro l'offrì
pur anche a me.
Ma s'ebbe un no!
BUTTERFLY (*sdegnosa*)
Si, giusto tu!
ALCUNI AMICI AD ALCUNE AMICHE
Ecco, perchè
prescelta fu,
vuol far con te
la soprappiù.
ALTRE AMICHE
La sua beltà
gia disfiorì.
CUGINI E CUGINE
Divorzierà.
ALTRI
Spero di sì.
GORO
Per carità
tacete un po'...
chi v'insegnò
la civiltà?
LA MADRE DI BUTTERFLY E ALCUNE CUGINE
Oh quella lì
non smette più
GORO
Stoltezza fu
condurla qui.
LO ZIO
Vino ce n'è?
LE MADRE E LA ZIA
Guardiamo un po'.
ALCUNE AMICHE
Ne vidi già
color di thè,
GORO
e chermisì!
Per carità tacete un po'... Sch! sch!
SHARPLESS
O amico fortunato!
O fortunato Pinkerton,
che in sorte v'è toccato
un fior pur or sbocciato!
Non più bella e d'assai
fanciulla io vidi mai di questa
Butterfly.
E se a voi sembran scede
il patto e la sua fede.
Badate! Ella ci crede.

PINKERTON
Si,è vero,è un fiore!
L'esotico suo odore
m'ha il cervello sconvolto.
E in fede mia l'ho colto!
BUTTERFLY
(*a sua madre*)
Mamma, vien qua.
(*agli altri*)
Badate a me:
attenti, orsù,
uno — due — tre
e tutti giù.
(*e tutti si inchinano innanzi a Pinkerton, tranne il Commissario e l'Ufficiale*)
(*Intanto Goro ha fatto portare dai servi alcuni tavolini, sui quali dispongonsi varie confetture, pasticcietti, liquori, vini e servizi da thè; si portano alcuni cuscini e un tavolino a parte, coll' occorrente per scrivere. Parenti, amici guardano con molta soddisfazione i dolciumi portati. Butterfly presenta i parenti a Pinkerton*).
PINKERTON
Vieni amor mio!
Ti piace la casetta?
BUTTERFLY
(*alzandosi*)
Signor B. F. Pinkerton, perdono...
(*mostra le mani e la braccia che sono impacciate dalle maniche rigonfie*)
io vorrei... pochi oggetti
da donna...
PINKERTON
Dove sono?
BUTTERFLY
(*indicando le maniche*)
Sono qui — vi dispiace?
PINKERTON
(*un po' sorpreso, sorride... poi subito acconsente, con galanteria*)
O perchè mai,
mia bella Butterfly!?
BUTTERFLY
(*a mano a mano cava dalle maniche gli oggetti e li depone sopra uno sgabello*)
Fazzoletti.— La pipa.— Una cintura.—
Un piccolo fermaglio.—
Uno specchio.— Un ventaglio.
PINKERTON
(*vede un vasetto*)
Quel barattolo?

PINKERTON

Just at present I'm deciding
If beneath those peacock feathers
My new mother'n law is hiding.

BUTTERFLY'S MOTHER

He looks divine!

THE UNCLE

He's wealthy too!

FIRST COUSIN

But he was offered first to me!

BUTTERFLY (*contemptuously*)

That's what you think!

SOME MALE AND FEMALE FRIENDS

You will agree, if that is true,
Then that's why she looks down on you.

MALE AND FEMALE COUSINS

They will divorce.

OTHERS

I hope they do.
It cannot last.
Her good looks are fading very fast.

GORO

For Heaven's sake,
Not so much noise.

THE UNCLE

Is there no wine? I'd like to know!

SOME FRIENDS

They're serving some
That looks like tea.

THE MOTHER AND THE AUNT

Let's look around.

RELATIONS

Her beauty is already gone,
It looks to me.

GORO

For goodness' sake,
Not so much noise!
Sh! Sh!

(*At signs from Goro the relations and guests crowd together in a bunch, still chattering excitedly.*)

SHARPLESS

Kind fate has smiled upon you!
Good fortune rules your destiny,
Its kindly favor won you
This rare and precious flower!
So enchanting a maiden
Has never met my eye
As your Miss Butterfly.

PINKERTON

This fairest of all flowers!
Her fragrance overpowers
And bewilders my feeling.
Yes, she of all the flowers
Is most divinely appealing!

BUTTERFLY (*to her people*)

Now, listen all to me.

SHARPLESS

If you think she is merely
A pastime, you err severely.
Remember! She loves sincerely.

BUTTERFLY

Mamma, come here!
(*to the others*)
Listen to me:
Follow me now,
One — two — three —
Let us all bow!
(*They all bow low before Pinkerton.*)

PINKERTON

My sweet beloved!
You like our little cottage?

BUTTERFLY

My lord, B. F. Pinkerton . . . forgive me —
(*shows her hands and arms, which are encumbered by stuffed-out sleeves*)

BUTTERFLY
(*pointing to her sleeves*)

Ev'ry woman — has a few treasured keepsakes . . .

PINKERTON

And where are they?

BUTTERFLY
(*pointing to her sleeves*)

Right in here . . . you're offended?

PINKERTON

(*rather astonished, smiles—then quickly and gallantly reassures her*)
Good heavens, why, my lovely Butterfly!

BUTTERFLY

(*empties her sleeves, placing their contents one by one on a stool*)
Satin ribbons — a clay pipe — this pretty bar-pin —
A little fan of iv'ry — and a mirror.
Some embroid'ry —

PINKERTON

What's the other thing?

BUTTERFLY

Un vaso di tintura.

PINKERTON

Ohibò!

BUTTERFLY

Vi spiace? . . .

(*lo getta*)

Via!

(*trae un astuccio lungo a stretto*)

PINKERTON

E quello?

BUTTERFLY

(*molto seria*)

Cosa sacra e mia.

PINKERTON

E non si può vedere?

BUTTERFLY

(*supplichevole e grave*)

C'è troppa gente.
Perdonate.

(*depone l'astuccio con gran rispetto*)

GORO

(*intanta si è avvicinato e dice all'orecchio di Pinkerton*)

È un presente
del Mikado a suo padre . . coll'invito . .

(*fa il gesto di chi s'apre il ventre*)

PINKERTON

(*piano a Goro*)

E . . . suo padre?

GORO

Ha obbedito.

(*s' allontana, mescolandosi agli invitati*)

BUTTERFLY

(*leva dalle maniche alcune statuette e le mostra a Pinkerton*)

Gli Ottokè.

PINKERTON

(*ne prende una e la esamina con curiosità*)

Quei pupazzi? . . . Avete detto?

BUTTERFLY

Son l'anime degli avi.

PINKERTON

Ah! . . . il mio rispetto.

(*depone la statuetta presso le altre*)

BUTTERFLY

(*trae Pinkerton in disparte e con tenera e rispettosa confidenza gli dice:*)

Ieri sono salita
tutta sola in secreto alla Missione.
Colla nuova mia vita
posso adottare nuova religione.
Lo zio Bonzo nol sa,
nè i miei lo sanno. Io seguo il mio destino
e piena d'umiltà
al Dio del signor Pinkerton m'inchino.
È mio destino. Nella stessa chiesetta
in ginocchio con voi pregherò
lo stesso Dio.
E per farvi contento
potrò forse obliar la gente mia.
Amore mio!

(*va a prendere le statuette, le nasconde. Intanto Goro si è avvicinato al Console, e ricevutone gli ordini, grida con voce tonante da banditore:*)

GORO

Tutti zitti!

(*cessano le chiacchiere: tutti tralasciano di mangiare e di bere e si avanzano in circolo ascoltando con grande raccoglimento: Pinkerton e Butterfly stanno nel mezzo*)

IL COMMISSARIO IMPERIALE

(*legge*)

È concesso al nominato
Benjamin Franklin Pinkerton,
Luogotenente nella cannoniera
*Lincoln,* marina degli Stati Uniti
America del Nord:
ed alla damigella Butterfly,
del quartiere di Omara-Nagasaki,
d'unirsi in matrimonio, per diritto
il primo della propria voluntà,
. . . ed ella per consenso dei parenti
qui testimoni all'atto.

(*porge l'atto per la firma*)

GORO

(*cerimonioso*)

Lo sposo.

(*Pinkerton firma*)

Poi la sposa.

(*Butterfly firma*)

BUTTERFLY

A tiny jar of carmine.

PINKERTON

Oho!

BUTTERFLY

You're angry?

(*throws it away*)

There!

(*draws out a long and narrow sheath*)

PINKERTON

And this one?

BUTTERFLY (*very gravely*)

That is something sacred.

PINKERTON

And won't you let me see it?

BUTTERFLY

(*beseeching and grave*)

Too many people!
Please forgive me.

(*She lays down the sheath very reverently.*)

GORO

(*has meanwhile approached and whispers to Pinkerton*)

It's a dagger the Mikado sent her father . . .
And suggested —

(*imitating the action of suicide by harakiri*)

PINKERTON (*softly to Goro*)

And her father?

GORO

Did as requested.

(*He withdraws, mingling with the guests.*)

BUTTERFLY

(*takes some images from her sleeves and shows them to Pinkerton*)

The Ottokè.

PINKERTON

(*takes one and examines it curiously*)

Little puppets? The explanation?

BUTTERFLY

The spirits of my forebears.

PINKERTON

Ah! My veneration.

(*He puts down the image near the others, then rises.*)

BUTTERFLY

(*leads Pinkerton to one side and says to him in respectfully confiding tones:*)

Early in the morning,
All in secret I visited the mission.
Now a new life is dawning —
I shall begin it with my new religion.
But the Bonze doesn't know.
Neither do my people.
Wherever Fate will lead me,
I follow willingly.
I know my husband's kindly God will heed me.
My fate will lead me.
In the same little chapel we shall worship and pray
To the same kind God above.
And to make you quite happy,
I will try to forget my home and people . . .
My only love! . . .

GORO

All be quiet!

(*The chattering ceases; they all come forward in a circle, listening with much interest; Pinkerton and Butterfly stand in the center.*)

THE IMPERIAL COMMISSIONER

(*reads*)

It is granted to the herein named
Benjamin Franklin Pinkerton,
A first Lieutenant stationed on the gunboat Lincoln,
Of the navy of the United States of North America;
And to the herewith mentioned Butterfly,
Who was born in Omara Nagasaki,
To join in legal marriage,
The first named party by the grace of his free will.
The latter by permission of her kindred,
Presently called to witness.

(*handed the bond for signature*)

GORO (*with much unction*)

The bridegroom;

(*Pinkerton signs.*)

Then the bride.

(*Butterfly signs.*)

E tutto è fatto
(*circondano Butterfly festeggiandola*)

LE AMICHE

Madama Butterfly!

BUTTERFLY
(*le corregge*)

Madama B. F. Pinkerton.

(*L'Ufficiale dello Stato Civile ritira l'atto e avverte il Commissario che tutto è finito.*)

IL COMMISSARIO IMPERIALE
(*congedandosi da Pinkerton*)

Auguri molti.

PINKERTON

I miei ringraziamenti.

IL COMMISSARIO IMPERIALE
(*al Console*)

Il signor Console scende?

SHARPLESS

L'accompagno. Ci vedrem domani.

PINKERTON

A meraviglia.

UFFICIALE

(*congedandosi da Pinkerton*)

Posterità.

PINKERTON

Mi proverò.

SHARPLESS
(*stringendo la mano a Pinkerton*)

Giudizio!

(*Pinkerton accompagna i tre sino al sentiero che scende alla città e li saluta di nuovo quando già sono fuori di vista; sono passati prima fra due schiere di parenti e di amiche che li hanno salutati con molti cerimoniosi inchini. Butterfly si è recata presso sua madre. Pinkerton ritorna, e si capisce che è deliberato di sbarazzarsi dei parenti e delle amiche*).

(Ed eccoci in famiglia.
Sbrighiamoci al più presto in modo onesto.)
Hip! hip!

TUTTI (*brindando*)

O Kami! O Kami!

PINKERTON

Beviamo ai novissimi legami.

TUTTI

O Kami! O Kami!

(*Grida terribili dal sentiero della collina interrompono i brindisi: ad un tratto appare dal fondo uno strano personaggio, la cui vista fa allibire tutti. È il Bonzo che si fa innanzi furibondo e, vista Butterfly, stende le mani minacciose verso di lei, gridando*)

IL BONZO

Cio-cio-san! . . . Cio-cio-san! . . .
Abbominazione!

GORO

(*infastidito dalla venuta del Bonzo*)

Un corno al guastafeste!
Chi ci leva d'intorno
le persone moleste?! . . .

(*fa cenno ai servi di asportare tavolini, sgabelli, cuscini e prudentemente se ne parte adiratissimo, borbottando*)

TUTTI

(*impauriti, si raccolgono in un angolo balbettando*)

Lo zio Bonzo!

(*Pinkerton guarda la strana figura del Binzo e ride*)

IL BONZO

(*a Butterfly, che s'è scostata da tutti*)

Che hai
tu fatto alla Missione?

PINKERTON

Che mi strilla quel matto?

IL BONZO

Rispondi, che hai tu fatto?

The deed's enacted.

THE GIRL FRIENDS

(*surround Butterfly, congratulating her*)

Dear Madame Butterfly.

BUTTERFLY (*corrects them*)

Now Madame B. F. Pinkerton.

(*The Civil Registrar withdraws the bond and informs the Commissioner that the ceremony is over.*)

THE COMMISSIONER

(*taking leave of Pinkerton*)

Sincerest wishes.

PINKERTON

I thank you very much, Sir.

THE COMMISSIONER

(*to the Consul*)

I guess your Honor is leaving?

SHARPLESS

I'll go with you.

(*shaking hands with Pinkerton*)

We shall meet tomorrow!

PINKERTON

That will be splendid!

THE REGISTRAR

May you have sons.

PINKERTON

I'll do my best.

SHARPLESS

(*in significant tones*)

Remember!

(*Pinkerton accompanies the three as far as the path which leads down to the town and waves his hand to them as they vanish from sight. Butterfly has withdrawn close to her mother. Pinkerton returns and says to himself:*)

(And now to dispatch the family!)
A little wine and liquor will do it quicker.

(*raising his own glass*)

Good Luck!

ALL (*toasting*)

O Kami! O Kami!

PINKERTON

A toast to a happy bride and bridegroom.

ALL

O Kami! O Kami!

(*The toasts are interrupted by strange cries from the hill; all of a sudden a weird figure appears in the background, at the sight of whom all are thunderstruck. It is the Bonze, who comes forward in a towering rage, and catching sight of Butterfly, stretches out threatening hands towards her, crying:*)

THE BONZE

Cho-Cho-San! Cho-Cho-San!
You have disgraced us!

ALL GUESTS

(*huddling together in confusion*)

Heaven help us!

GORO

(*annoyed at the Bonze's intrusion*)

Confound that fool's intrusion!
Why must he come to spoil the day
By spreading confusion?

(*signs to the servants to remove the tables, cushions and stools; and then prudently retires himself, grumbling furiously*)

(*Pinkerton looks at the Bonze's weird figure and laughs.*)

PINKERTON

This fanatic, who is it?

THE BONZE

(*to Butterfly, who stands isolated from the rest*)

What did you do at the Mission?
Why did you make that visit?

TUTTI

Rispondi Cio-cio-san!

IL BONZO

Come, hai tu gli occhi asciutti?
Son dunque questi i frutti?
(*urlando*)
Ci ha rinnegato tutti!

TUTTI

Hou! Cio-cio-san!

IL BONZO

Rinnegato, vi dico,
il culto antico.

TUTTI

Hou! Cio-cio-san!
(*Butterfly si copre il viso vergognosa*)

IL BONZO

(*gridando sul viso a Butterfly*)
Kami sarundasico!
All'anima tua guasta
qual supplizio sovrastra!
(*La madre s'interpone per difendere Butterfly, ma il Bonzo la respinge brutalmente. Pinkerton infastidito, si alza e grida al Bonzo:*)

PINKERTON

Ehi, dico: basta, basta!
(*alla voce di Pinkerton il Bonzo si arresta stupefatto . . . poi con subita risoluzione invita i parenti e le amiche a partire*)

IL BONZO

Venite tutti. Andiamo!
(*a Butterfly*)
Ci hai rinnegato e noi . . .

TUTTI

Ti rinneghiamo!

PINKERTON

(*autorevolmente*)
Sbarazzate all'istante. In casa mia
niente baccano e niente bonzeria.
(*Tutti, parenti, amiche, il Bonzo, partono in gran fretta, scendendo la collina e continuando a strillare, imprecare contro Butterfly. — Le voci a poco a poco si allontanano. — Butterfly che è stata sempre immobile e muta colla faccia nelle mani, scoppia in pianto infantile. Comincia poco a poco a calare la sera: poi notte serena e stellata*).

PINKERTON

(*va presso Butterfly e con delicatezza le toglie le mani dal viso*)
Bimba, bimba, non piangere
per gracchiar di ranocchi.

BUTTERFLY

(*udendo ancora le grida dei parenti, si tura colle mani le orecchie*)
Urlano ancor!

PINKERTON

(*rincorandola*)
Tutta la tua tribù
e i Bonzi tutti del Giappon non valgono
il pianto di quegli occhi
cari e belli.

BUTTERFLY

(*sorridendo infantilmente*)
Davver? Non piango più.
E quasi del ripudio non mi duole
per le vostre parole
che mi suonan così dolci nel cuor.
(*si china per baciare la mano a Pinkerton*)

PINKERTON

(*sorpreso a quell' atto, dolcemente lo impedisce*)
Che fai? . . . la man?

BUTTERFLY

Mi han detto
che laggiù fra la gente costumata
è questo il segno del maggior rispetto.

SUZUKI

E Izaghied Izanomi
Sarundasico e Kami.

PINKERTON

(*sente un sordo bisbiglio*)
Chi brontola lassù?

BUTTERFLY

È Suzuki che fa la sua preghiera
seral.

PINKERTON

(*attirandola*)
Viene la sera . . .

BUTTERFLY

e l'ombra e la quiete.

PINKERTON

E sei qui sola.

BUTTERFLY

Sola e rinnegata!
Rinnegata e felice!

ALL

What was it, Cho-Cho-San?

THE BONZE

Answer, did you dare defy us,
Abandon and deny us?
(*shouting*)
She has renounced her people!

ALL

Hou! Cho-Cho-San!

(*Butterfly, overcome with shame, hides her face in her hands.*)

THE BONZE
(*shouting into her face*)

She foreswears and outrages
Our cult of ages!
*Kami Sarundasico!*
Your soul be damned to languish
In unbearable anguish!

PINKERTON (*authoritatively*)

Be silent, I command it!

THE BONZE

No one must stay here!
Come with me!
Because you have renounced us,
We all renounce you!

ALL

We all renounce you!

PINKERTON (*authoritatively*)

I won't stand for this nonsense!
I'll have no stupid riot in my house,
I order you to leave!

(*All the guests, including the Bonze, depart in great haste, going down the hillside and continuing to hurl threats and imprecations at Butterfly. By degrees the voices die away in the distance. Butterfly, who has been standing motionless and mute with her face buried in her hands, bursts into childish tears. Evening begins to descend gradually, then night sets in, serene and starlit.*)

PINKERTON

(*goes up to Butterfly and gently draws her hands from her face*)

Dearest, do not shed tears for them,
For their ranting and raving.

BUTTERFLY

(*still hears the yells of her relations and holds her ears*)

Hear how they scream!

PINKERTON (*cheering her*)

No matter what they do,
Not all the Bonzes of Japan
Deserve even one small tear
From your sweet eyes, beloved.

BUTTERFLY
(*smiling with childlike pleasure*)

You're sure? Then I won't cry.
I shall forget their curse, so harsh and hateful.
I am ever so grateful,
Your consoling words are balm to my heart.
(*stoops to kiss Pinkerton's hand*)

PINKERTON

(*surprised at her action, gently stops her*)

My hand? But why?

BUTTERFLY

I've heard that in your land
With the very finest people,
It is a sign of great respect and honor.

PINKERTON
(*hears a subdued murmuring*)

Who's murmuring up there?

BUTTERFLY

It's Suzuki; she's offering
Her pray'r for the night . . .

PINKERTON
(*drawing her close to him*)

Darkness is falling —

BUTTERFLY

And calmness is reigning —

PINKERTON

My own beloved —

BUTTERFLY

All alone and outcast, cursed forever!
Yet, so happy!

PINKERTON

(*has clapped his hands and the servants have hastened in*)

You, servants, close the doors.

BUTTERFLY

Yes, we are all alone now,
The world is dreaming . . .

PINKERTON

(*ha battuto le mani, ed i servi sono accorsi*)

A voi — chiudete.

BUTTERFLY

(*i servi chiudono le pareti che danno sul terrazo poi si ritirano*)

Sì, sì, noi tutti soli . . .
E fuori il mondo.

PINKERTON
(*ridendo*)

E il Bonzo furibondo.

BUTTERFLY

(*a Suzuki, che è venuta coi servi e sta aspettando gli ordini*)

Suzuki, le mie vesti.

(*Suzuki fruga in un cofano di lacca, mentre Pinkerton guarda i servi che stanno tramutando parte del terrazzo in una camera*)

SUZUKI

(*dopo di aver dato a Butterfly gli abiti per la notte ed un cofanetto coll' occorrente per la toeletta, si inchina innanzi a Pinkerton*)
Buona notte.

(*Aiutata da Suzuki, Butterfly si reca in un angolo al fondo e fa cautelosamente la sua toeletta da notte, levendosi poi la veste nuziale ed indossandone una tutta bianca. Suzuki esce. Pinkerton dondolandosi sulla poltrona e prendendo una sigaretta guarda Butterfly che è intenta ad acconciarsi*)

BUTTERFLY

Quest'obi pomposa
disciogliер mi tarda
si vesta la sposa
di puro candor.
Tra motti sommessi
sorride . . . mi guarda.
Celarmi potessi!
ne ho tanto rossor!
E ancor l'irata
voce mi maledice . . .
Butterfly . . . rinnegata
Rinnegata . . . e felice.

PINKERTON

Con moti di scojattolo
i nodi allenta e scioglie! . . .
Pensar che quel giocattolo
è mia moglie. Mia moglie.
Ma tale
grazia dispiega ch'io
mi struggo per la febbre
d'un subito desio.

(*andando verso Butterfly, la solleva e si avvía con essa sul terrazzo esterno*)

Bimba dagli occhi pieni di malìa
ora sei tutta mia.
Sei tutta vestita di giglio.
Mi piace la treccia tua bruna
fra i candidi veli . . .

BUTTERFLY
(*scendendo dal terrazzo*)

Somiglio
la piccola Dea della luna,
la Dea della luna che scende
la notta dal ponte del ciel . . .

PINKERTON (*la segue*)

E affascina i cuori . . .

BUTTERFLY

E li prende,
li avvolge in un bianco mantel.
E via se li reca negli alti reami.

PINKERTON

Ma intanto finor non m'hai detto,
ancor non m'hai detto che m'ami
Le sa quella Dea le parole
che appagan gli ardenti desir?

BUTTERFLY

Le sa. Forse dirle non vuole
per tema d'averne a morir!

PINKERTON

Stolta paura, l'amor non uccide
ma dà vita, e sorride
per gioie celestiali
come ora fa nei tuoi lunghi occhi ovali.

(*avvicinandosi a lei e prendendole la faccia*)

PINKERTON (*laughing*)

No raving Bonze is screaming —

BUTTERFLY

(*to Suzuki, who has come in with the servants and is awaiting orders*)

Suzuki, bring the white robe.

SUZUKI

(*after having given Butterfly her night-attire, bows low to Pinkerton*)

Goodnight, Sir.

(*Butterfly retires to a corner, and assisted by Suzuki, carefully performs her toilet for the night, exchanging her wedding garment for one of pure white. Suzuki goes out. Pinkerton, lolling on the wicker chair, takes a cigarette and watches Butterfly, who is busy adorning herself.*)

BUTTERFLY

This obi is far too ornate and imposing . . .
A bride's sacred robe must be white as the snow.
He smiles and observes me, his glances caressing.
How can I escape them? I'm blushing, I know!
Again, I hear that furious curse pursue me . . .
"Butterfly . . . We renounce you,"
— Yet, I'm happy.

PINKERTON

She's graceful as a kitten,
So full of charm and life!
To think that precious child
Is now my wife! My wife!
So enchanting a vision
That my heart is beating madly
With sudden glowing fever.

(*goes up to Butterfly, raises her gently and goes out on the terrace with her*)

Dear little flower, blossoming so sweetly,
Now you are mine completely
The aura of lilies surrounds you,
Your hair shining dark in profusion
Enhancing your beauty!

BUTTERFLY

(*goes down from the terrace*)

I feel like the Goddess of Moonlight,
Arrayed in a starry illusion,
Descending each night by her skybridge of dreams.

PINKERTON (*following her*)

Enflaming our senses.

BUTTERFLY

Gently bending,
She enfolds ev'ry heart in her rays
And bears them to the regions in Heaven above us.

PINKERTON

You still have not told me you love me,
Those words so inspiring to lovers.
Your Goddess, will she know the token,
The words that no love can deny?

BUTTERFLY

She knows, but she leaves them unspoken
For fear she will say them and die.

PINKERTON

Foolish delusion, that love should destroy her!
Love is living, freely giving,
Its joys overflowing,
Warm as the spark
In your dark eyes, lovingly glowing.

BUTTERFLY

Adesso voi
siete per me l'occhio del firmamento.
E mi piaceste dal primo momento
che vi ho veduto. Siete
alto, forte. Ridete
con modi si palesi!
E dite cose che mai non intesi.
Or son contenta. Vogliatemi bene,
un bene piccolino,
un bene da bambino
quale a me si conviene.
Noi siamo gente avvezza
alle piccole cose
umili e silenziose,
ad una tenerezza
sfiorante e pur profonda
come il ciel, come l'onda del mare.

PINKERTON

Dammi ch'io baci le tue mani care.

(*prorompe con grande tenerezza*)

Mia Butterfly! . . . come t'han ben nomata
tenue farfalla . . .

BUTTERFLY

(*a queste parole si rattrista e ritira le mani*)

Dicon che oltre mare
se cade in man dell'uom, ogni farfalla
da uno spillo è trafitta
ed in tavola infitta!

PINKERTON

(*riprendendole dolcemente le mani e sorridendo*)

Un po' di vero c'è.
E tu lo sai perchè?
Perchè non fugga più.

(*abbracciandola*)

Io t'ho ghermita . . .
Ti serro palpitante.
Sei mia.

BUTTERFLY

(*abbandonandosi*)

Sì, per la vita.

PINKERTON

Vieni, vieni.
Via dall'anima in pena
l'angoscia paurosa.

(*indicando a Butterfly il cielo stellato*)

Guarda: è notte serena!
Guarda: dorme ogni cosa!

BUTTERFLY

(*estatica*)

Ah! Dolce notte! Quante stelle!
Non le vidi mai sì belle!
Trema, brilla, ogni favilla
col baglior d'una pupilla.
Oh! quanti occhi fisi, attenti
d'ogni parte a riguardare!
Pei firmamenti,
via pei lidi, via pel mare . . .
Tutto estatico d'amor
ride il cielo.

PINKERTON

(*con cupido amore*)

Vieni, vieni! . . .

(*Butterfly e Pinkerton entrano nella camera nuziale.*)

## ATTO SECONDO

Interno della casetta di Butterfly

*Suzuki prega, raggomitolata davanti all' immagine di Budda; suona di quando in quando la campanella della preghiera. Butterfly sta ritta ed immobile presso un paravento.*

SUZUKI

(*pregando*)

E Izaghi ed Izanami
Sarundasico e Kami . . .

(*interrompendosi*)

Oh! la mia testa!

(*suona la campanella per richiamare l'attenzione dei Numi*)

E tu
Ten-Sjoo-daj!

(*guardando Butterfly*)

Fate che Butterfly
non pianga più, mai più,
mai più, mai più.

BUTTERFLY

You are the sunlight, the God of day...
Humbly I shall adore you,
I knew what love meant the moment I saw you,
My own beloved . . .

(*Butterfly has a sudden panic and puts her hands to her ears, as though she still heard her relatives shouting; then she rallies and once more turns confidingly to Pinkerton.*)

You are strong and manly,
Your laughter is generous and telling
And what you say is so new and compelling.
I am so happy — I am so happy!
Just love me a little, and only let me please you
The way a child may please you,
That is all I could hope for.
My people never measures contentment by splendor,
But by the small and tender,
Quiet little pleasures whose worth is far more boundless
Than the sky, or the ocean's abysses.

PINKERTON

Give me your hands, I'll cover them with kisses!

(*bursts out very tenderly*)

My Butterfly! How very well they named you,
Tender, fragile creature!

BUTTERFLY

(*at these words her face clouds over and she draws away her hands*)

There across the ocean, when butterflies are caught,
I've often heard it is the custom to impale them —
Then on card-board to nail them!

PINKERTON

(*gently taking her hands again and smiling*)

That's true, I can't deny,
But shall I tell you why?
So they can't fly away!

(*embracing her*)

And I have caught you, and so I want to hold you.
Be mine now!

BUTTERFLY

Now and forever.

(*throwing herself in his arms*)

PINKERTON

Come, beloved.
Come, be done with all anguish,
Enchaining, enclosing.

(*pointing to the starlit sky*)

The dark night is reigning!
All the world is reposing!

BUTTERFLY

Ah, hour of beauty! Soft and tender,
Night of starry, shining splendor!
Sparkling, streaming,
The stars are gleaming
While the world below is dreaming.
A thousand million glances there to guard us,
All the stars in heaven's expanses,
Bathed in glory high above us!
Ah! Golden moment!
Hold the world's enraptured love in your spell.

PINKERTON

(*with passionate longing*)

Come, beloved!
Cast anguish from your heart!
Rejoicing in surrender, beloved.
Be mine, my beloved —
The night has fallen,
Calmness is reigning.
I hold you to my heart, my love!
Ah! Be mine, beloved.

## ACT II

Inside Butterfly's Little House

(*Suzuki, kneeling in front of the image of Buddha, is praying; from time to time she rings the prayer-bell. Butterfly is standing rigid and motionless near a screen.*)

SUZUKI (*praying*)

Izaghi and Izanami,
Sarundasico and Kami.

(*breaking off*)

My mind is wand'ring!

(*rings the prayer-bell to invoke the attention of the Gods*)

And you — Ten-Sjoo-daj!

(*looking at Butterfly*)

Grant us that Butterfly
May weep no more, no more, no more!

BUTTERFLY

Pigri ed obesi
son gli Dei giapponesi.
L'americano Iddio son persuasa
ben più presto risponde a chi l'implori.
Ma temo ch'egli ignori
che noi stiam qui di casa.

(*rimane pensierosa, poi si rivolge a Suzuki che si è alzata in piedi ed ha aperto la parete verso il giardino*)

Suzuki, è lungi la miseria?

SUZUKI

(*apre un piccolo mobile e vi prende poche monete mostrandole a Butterfly*)

Questo è
l'ultimo fondo.

BUTTERFLY

Questo! Oh! Troppe spese!

SUZUKI

(*ripone il danaro e chiude il piccolo mobile, mentre sospirando dice:*)

S'egli non torna e presto,
siamo male in arnese.

BUTTERFLY
(*decisa*)

Ma torna.

SUZUKI
(*crollando il capo*)

Tornerà?

BUTTERFLY
(*indispettita a Suzuki*)

Perchè dispose
che il Console provveda alla pigione,
rispondi, su!
Perchè con tante cure
la casa riforni di serrature,
s'ei non volesse ritornar mai più?

SUZUKI

Non lo so.

BUTTERFLY

(*meravigliata a tanta ignoranza*)
Non lo sai?
(*con orgoglio*)

Io te lo dico. Per tener ben fuorì
le zanzare, i parenti ed i dolori
e dentro, con gelosa
custodia, la sua sposa
che son io: Butterfly.

SUZUKI
(*poco convinta*)

Mai non s'è udito
di straniero marito
che sia tornato al suo nido.

BUTTERFLY
(*furibonda*)

Ah! Taci, o t'uccido.

(*insistendo nel persuadere Suzuki*)

Quell'ultima mattina:
tornerete signor? — gli domandai.
Egli, col cuore grosso,
per celarmi la pena
sorridendo rispose:
— O Butterfly
piccina mogliettina,
tornerò colle rose
alla stagion serena
quando fa la nidiata il pettirosso.

(*calma e convinta*)

Tornerà.

SUZUKI
(*con incredulità*)

Speriam.

BUTTERFLY
(*insistendo*)

Dillo con me:
Tornerà.

SUZUKI
(*per compiacerla ripete*)

Tornerà . . .

(*poi si mette pianger*)

BUTTERFLY
(*sorpresa*)

Piangi? Perchè?
Ah la fede ti manca!

(*poi continua fiduciosa e sorridente*)

Senti —

Un bel dì, vedremo
levarsi un fil di fumo sull'estremo
confin del mare.
E poi la nave appare
E poi la nave bianca
Entra nel porto, romba il suo saluto.

BUTTERFLY (*to Suzuki*)
Dull and obese Gods
Are your own Japanese Gods.
The God of my new country
Is far more kindly,
Glad to answer the people
Who adore him.
He'd grant what I implore him
If he knew where to find me.
(*remains pensive, then she turns to Suzuki, who has risen to her feet and has drawn back the partition leading to the garden*)
Suzuki, what money is remaining?

SUZUKI
(*opens a small cabinet, and taking a few coins from it, shows them to Butterfly*)
This is all we possess now.

BUTTERFLY
Is it? — Oh! We are spendthrifts!

SUZUKI
(*replaces the money in the cabinet which she closes, saying with a sigh*)
Unless he comes, and quickly,
We'll have nothing to live on.

BUTTERFLY (*with decision*)
He will, though!

SUZUKI (*shaking her head*)
Who can tell!

BUTTERFLY (*vexed, to Suzuki*)
Why did he order that ev'ry month
The Consul pay the rent then? You tell me, why?
Why did he make so sure then
To fit the doors with latches and secure them,
If he was not returning by and by?

SUZUKI
I don't know.

BUTTERFLY
(*surprised at such ignorance*)
You don't know?
(*with proud confidence*)
Then I will tell you. So we might keep out
The swarming gnats and relations, as well as sorrow.
And inside, would be waiting
His faithful wife forever,
His wife and his beloved, Butterfly.

SUZUKI (*still far from convinced*)
But, who has ever heard
Of foreigner husbands
Returning once they've departed!

BUTTERFLY (*furious*)
Ah! Stop it! Or I'll kill you!
(*still trying to persuade Suzuki*)
The morning he departed,
When I asked him: "My Lord will you return?"
Hiding his grief he told me,
And assured me with reason
As he smiled, and consoled me: —
(*imitating Pinkerton*)
"Dear Butterfly, my precious little darling,
I'll return with the roses
In that idyllic season
When the robins are starting
To do their nesting."
(*calm and convinced*)
He'll return.

SUZUKI (*still incredulous*)
I hope —

BUTTERFLY (*insisting*)
Say it with me:
He'll return!

SUZUKI
(*repeats, to please her*)
He'll return.
(*then she bursts out weeping*)

BUTTERFLY (*surprised*)
You're crying? But why?
It is faith you are lacking!
(*She then continues, full of faith, and smiling.*)

BUTTERFLY
Listen.
(*acts the scene out as though it were actually taking place*)
One fine day we'll notice
A tiny smoke-cloud nearing
On the sea in the far horizon,
And then his ship appearing.
Now the mighty warship
Slowly comes to harbor.

Vedi? È venuto!
Io non gli scendo incontro, Io no.
Mi metto
là sul ciglio del colle e aspetto, e aspetto
gran tempo e non mi pesa
la lunga attesa.
E . . . uscito dalla folla cittadina
un uomo, un picciol punto
s'avvia per la collina.
Chi sarà? chi sarà?
E come sarà giunto
che dirà? che dirà?
Chiamerà Butterfly dalla lontana.
Io senza dar risposta
me ne starò nascosta
un po' per celia, e un po' per non morire
al primo incontro, ed egli alquanto in pena
chiamerà, chiamerà:

*"Piccina mogliettina*
*olezzo di verbena"*

i nomi che mi dava al suo venire.

(*a Suzuki*)

Tutto questo avverrà, te lo prometto.
Tienti la tua paura — io con sicura
fede l'aspetto.

(*congeda Suzuki*)

(*Suzuki esce dalla porta di sinistra. Butterfly la segue mestamente collo sguardo*)

(*Nel giardino campaiono Sharpless e Goro; Goro guarda entro le camera, scorge Butterfly e dice a Sharpless:*)

GORO

C'è. — Entrate.

(*introduce Sharpless; poi torna subito fuori, e spia di quando in quando dal giardino*)

SHARPLESS

(*affacciandosi, bussa discretamente contro la porta di destra*)

Chiedo scusa . . .

(*vede Butterfly che udendo entrare alcuno si è mossa*)

Madama Butterfly . . .

BUTTERFLY

(*senza volgersi, ma correggendo*)

Madama Pinkerton
prego.

(*si volge, riconosce il Console e giubilante batte le mani*)

Oh il mio signor Console!

(*Suzuki entra premurosa e prepara un tavolino coll'occorrente per fumare, alcuni cuscini ed uno sgabello*)

SHARPLESS

(*sorpreso*)

Mi ravvisate?

BUTTERFLY

(*facendo gli onori di casa*)

Benvenuto in casa
americana.

SHARPLESS

Grazie.

BUTTERFLY

(*invita il Console a sedere presso il tavolino: Sharpless si lascia cadere grottescamente su di un cuscino: Butterfly si siede dall'altra parte e sorride con malizia dietro il ventaglio vedendo l'imbarazzo del Console; poi con molta grazia gli chiede:*)

Avi, antenati
tutti bene?

SHARPLESS

(*sorride ringraziando*)

Ma spero.

BUTTERFLY

(*fa cenno a Suzuki che prepari la pipa*)

Fumate?

SHARPLESS

Grazie.

(*desideroso di spiegare lo scopo per cui è venuto, cava una lettera di tasca*)

Ho qui . . .

BUTTERFLY

(*gentilmente interrompendolo*)

Signore — io vedo
il cielo azzurro.

(*dopo aver tirato una boccata dalla pipa che Suzuki ha preparata l'offre al Console*)

SHARPLESS (*rifiutando*)

Grazie . . .

(*tenta riprendere il suo discorso*)

Ho . . .

Cannons roar a welcome.
See there! How I knew it!
I shall not go to meet him, oh, no!
I'll wait until much later to greet him,
Awaiting, awaiting his coming, uncounted hours,
Among the flowers.
A man emerges from the crowded city,
A tiny dot ascending,
And slowly looming clearer.
Is it he? and at his journey's ending,
Can it be?
He will call "Butterfly!" as he comes nearer;
I, then, without replying,
Will hide awhile in silence;
Perhaps to tease him, but more
To keep from dying of rejoicing.
And then in agitation, he will call, he will call:
"My precious little darling,
My lovely silver goddess!"
Those loving names I always will remember —

(*to Suzuki*)

All I say will come true, You must believe me!
Love cannot be mistaken,
My faith remains forever unshaken,
Forever!

(*dismisses Suzuki, who goes out of door on left. Butterfly looks after her sadly*)

(*Goro and Sharpless appear in the garden; Goro looks into the room, sees Butterfly and says to Sharpless.*)

GORO

There, please enter.

(*brings Sharpless in; then goes outside again at once, and peeps in from the garden every now and then*)

SHARPLESS

(*knocks cautiously at the door on the right*)

May I come in —

(*catches sight of Butterfly, who has risen on hearing him enter*)

Madame Butterfly!

BUTTERFLY

(*corrects him, without turning around*)
I'm Madame Pinkerton — Come in!
(*she turns around, recognizes the Consul, and claps her hands for joy*)
Your Honor, the Consul here, —
Here to visit me!
(*Suzuki enters eagerly and prepares a small table with smoking materials, some cushions and a stool.*)

SHARPLESS (*surprised*)

You do remember?

BUTTERFLY

(*doing the honors of the house*)
You are welcome;
This is an American household.

SHARPLESS

Thank you!

BUTTERFLY

(*invites the Consul to be seated near the table; Sharpless drops awkwardly on to a cushion. Butterfly sits down on the other side and slyly smiles behind her fan at his discomfort, then with much grace*)
Parents and relations,
Well and happy?

SHARPLESS (*thanks her, smiling*)

I hope so —

BUTTERFLY

(*signs to Suzuki, who prepares the pipe*)
A pipe, sir?

SHARPLESS

Thank you!
(*anxious to explain the object of his visit, he draws a letter from his pocket*)
I came . . .

BUTTERFLY

(*prettily interrupting him*)
Your lordship,
How glad I am to see you!
(*after having taken a draw at the pipe, she offers it to the consul*)

SHARPLESS (*refusing*)

Thank you.
(*trying again to resume the thread of his talk*)
Well . . .

BUTTERFLY

(*lays down the pipe on the table and says very pressingly*)
Would your Honor rather try
An imported American cigaret?
(*offers him some*)

SHARPLESS (*taking one*)

Thank you!
(*rises and tries to resume*)
I'd like to show you —

BUTTERFLY

(*depone la pipa sul tavolino e assai premurosa dice:*)

Preferite
forse le sigarette

(*ne offre*)

americane.

SHARPLESS

(*ne prende una*)

Grazie.

(*si alza e tenta di continuare il discorso*)

Ho da mostrarvi . . .

BUTTERFLY

(*porge un fiammifero acceso*)

A voi.

SHARPLESS

(*accende la sigaretta, ma poi la depone subito e presentando la lettera si siede sullo sgabello*)

Mi scrisse
Benjamin Franklin Pinkerton . . .

BUTTERFLY

(*premurosissima*)

Davvero!
È in salute?

SHARPLESS

Perfetta.

BUTTERFLY

(*alzandosi, lietissima*)

Io son la donna
più lieta del Giappone. — Potrei favri una domanda?

(*Suzuki è in faccende per preparare il thè*)

SHARPLESS

Certo.

BUTTERFLY

(*torna a sedere*)

Quando fanno
il lor nido in America
i pettirossi?

SHARPLESS

(*stupito*)

Come dite?

BUTTERFLY

Sì,
prima o dopo di qui?

SHARPLESS

Ma . . . perchè? . . .

(*Goro sale dal terrazo del giardino ed ascolta, non visto, quanto dice Butterfly*)

BUTTERFLY

Mio marito m' ha promesso
di ritornar nella stagion beata
che il pettirosso rifà la nidiata.
Qui l' ha rifatta per ben tre volte, ma
può darsi che di là
usi nidiar men spesso.

(*Goro scoppia in ridere*)

BUTTERFLY

Chi ride?

(*vede Goro*)

Oh, c'è il nakodo.

(*piano a Sharpless*)

Un uom cattivo.

GORO

(*ossequioso, inchinandosi*)

Godo . . .

BUTTERFLY

(*a Goro*)

Zitto.

(*a Sharpless*)

Egli osò . . . No, prima rispondete alla domanda mia.

SHARPLESS

(*imbarazzato*)

Mi rincresce ma . . . ignoro . . .
Non ho studiato ornitologia.

BUTTERFLY

(*tenta di capire*)

orni . . .

SHARPLESS

. . . tologia.

BUTTERFLY

Non lo sapete
insomma.

SHARPLESS

No.

(*ritenta di tornare in argomento*)

Dicevamo . . .

BUTTERFLY

(*lo interrompe seguendo la sua idea*)

Ah, sì —Goro,
appena B. F. Pinkerton fu in mare,
mi venne ad assediare
con ciarle e con presenti
per ridarmi ora questo or quel marito.
Or promette tesori
per uno scimunito . . .

GORO

(*per giustificarsi, spiega la cosa a Sharpless*)

Il ricco Yamadori.

BUTTERFLY

(*hands him a lighted taper*)

A light?

SHARPLESS

(*lights his cigaret, but then puts it down at once, and showing her the letter, sits down on the stool*)

A letter from Benjamin Franklin Pinkerton.

BUTTERFLY

(*with intense earnestness*)

No, really!
And how is he?

SHARPLESS

Just splendid —

BUTTERFLY

(*jumping up very joyfully*)

In all Japan
There's no woman quite so happy!
Would you answer me one question?
(*Suzuki is busy preparing tea.*)

SHARPLESS

Gladly.

BUTTERFLY (*sits down again*)

When do robins begin, in America,
To do their nesting?

SHARPLESS (*amazed*)

Do their nesting?

BUTTERFLY

Yes.
Not so often as here?

SHARPLESS

Well . . . but why?

(*Goro comes up from the garden on to the terrace, and listens, unseen by Butterfly.*)

BUTTERFLY

My beloved husband promised
He would return here in the lovely season
When all the robins were starting their nesting.
Here they have done so three times already,
But it could be that over there,
They do not nest so often.
(*Goro bursts out laughing.*)

BUTTERFLY

Who's laughing?
(*sees Goro*)
Oh! only Goro.
(*softly to Sharpless*)
A nasty fellow!

GORO (*bowing obsequiously*)

Thank you!
Quiet!

BUTTERFLY

(*to Sharpless*)

He has dared — No, first I beg you answer
This important question.

SHARPLESS (*embarrassed*)

I am sorry, my apology.
I never studied ornithology.

BUTTERFLY (*trying to understand*)

Orni . . . ?

SHARPLESS

Ornithology.

BUTTERFLY

Then you can't tell me either?
No.

SHARPLESS

(*tries to return to his point*)

We were saying . . .

BUTTERFLY

(*interrupts him, pursuing her thoughts*)

Ah, yes, Goro!
As soon as B. F. Pinkerton had departed,
That Goro came and started
To plague me with proposals
In the hope I'd consider some alliance,
Like the match he suggests
With one fool among his clients —

GORO

(*to justify himself, tries to explain to Sharpless*)

The wealthy Yamadori.

Ella è povera in canna — i suoi
parenti
l'han tutti rinnegata.
(*il Principe Yamadori attraversa il giardino seguito da due servi che portano fiori*)

BUTTERFLY

(*vede Yamadori e lo indica a Sharpless sorridendo*)
Eccolo. Attenti.
(*Yamadori entra con grande imponenza, fa un graziosissimo inchino a Butterfly poi saluta il Console. I due servi consegnano i fiori a Suzuki e si ritirano nel fondo. Goro, servilissimo, porta uno sgabello a Yamadori, fra Sharpless e Butterfly, ed è dappertutto durante la conversazione. Sharpless e Yamadori siedono*)
(*a Yamadori*)
Yamadori — ancor . . . le pene
dell'amor non v'han deluso?
Vi tagliate ancor le vene
se il mio bacio vi ricuso?

YAMADORI

(*a Sharpless*)
Tra le cose più moleste
è l' inutil sospirar.

BUTTERFLY

(*con graziosa malizia*)
Tante mogli omai toglieste,
vi doveste abituar.

YAMADORI

L' ho sposate tutte quante
e il divorzio mi francò.

BUTTERFLY

Obbligata.

YAMADORI

(*premuroso*)
A voi però
giurerei fede costante

SHARPLESS

(*sospirando, rimette in tasca la lettera*)
(Il mio messaggio
a trasmetter non riesco.)

GORO

(*con enfasi indicando Yamadori a Sharpless*)
Ville, servi, oro, ad Omura
un palazzo principesco.

BUTTERFLY

(*con serietà*)
Già legata è la mia fede.

GORO E YAMADORI

(*a Sharpless*)
Maritata ancor si crede.

BUTTERFLY

(*con forza*)
Non mi credo — sono — sono.

GORO

Ma la legge . . .

BUTTERFLY

(*interrompendolo*)
Io non la so.

GORO

(*continua*)
. . . per la moglie, l'abbandono
al divorzio equiparò.

BUTTERFLY

(*crollando vivamente il capo*)
La legge giapponese . . .
non gia del mio paese.

GORO

Quale?

BUTTERFLY

(*con forza*)
Gli Stati Uniti.

SHARPLESS

(Oh, l' infelice!)

BUTTERFLY

(*nervosissima, accalorandosi*)
Si sa che aprir la porta
e la moglie cacciar per la più corta
qui divorziar si dice.
Ma in America questo non si può.
(*a Sharpless*)
Vero?

SHARPLESS

(*imbarazzato*)
Vero . . . Però . . .

BUTTERFLY

(*lo interrompe rivolgendosi a Yamadori ed a Goro, trionfante*)
Là un bravo giudice
serio, impettito
dice al marito:
"Lei vuol andarsene?
Sentiam perchè?"
"Sono seccato
del coniugato!"
E il magistrato:
"Ah, mascalzone,
presto in prigione!"
(*e per troncare si alza ed ordina:*)
Suzuki, il thè.
(*va anche lei presso Suzuki*)

In her wretched condition,
She can't afford to reject this proposition.
(*Beyond the terrace the Prince Yamadori is seen, followed by two servants carrying flowers.*)

BUTTERFLY
(*sees Yamadori, and points him out to Sharpless with a smile*)
Here he is. You'll see him.
(*Yamadori enters with much pomp, bows gracefully to Butterfly, then salutes the Consul. The two servants deliver their flowers to Suzuki, and retire to the back. Goro, full of servility, brings a stool for Yamadori, between Sharpless and Butterfly, and is very much in evidence throughout the interview. Sharpless and Yamadori sit down.*)
(*to Yamadori*)
Yamadori — Once more
Your unrequited love can't disabuse you?
As you said before,
You'll swear to end your life
If I refuse you?

YAMADORI (*to Sharpless*)
Sadly sighing, longing vainly,
Those are things I loathe to do.

BUTTERFLY
(*with graceful raillery*)
You've had many wives already . . .
That should not be hard for you.

YAMADORI
I had many wives; however
I won freedom by divorce.

BUTTERFLY
Very flatt'ring!

YAMADORI
To you, of course,
I will swear my faith forever.

SHARPLESS
(*sighing, replaces the letter in his pocket*)
(In delivering my message
I'm not getting any further.)

GORO
(*pointing out Yamadori to Sharpless, with emphasis*)
Houses, servants, money,
A magnificent palace in Omara!

BUTTERFLY (*seriously*)
But I am already married —

GORO AND YAMADORI
(*to Sharpless*)
She still thinks that she is married —

BUTTERFLY (*emphatically*)
I don't think so, but I know so.

GORO
But the law says . . .

BUTTERFLY (*interrupting him*)
It's not in force!

GORO (*continues*)
When a wife has been abandoned,
It is equal to divorce.

BUTTERFLY
That may be Japanese law,
But not the one I honor.

GORO
Which one?

BUTTERFLY (*with emphasis*)
United States law.

SHARPLESS
(Oh, what a pity!)

BUTTERFLY
(*strenuously, and growing excited*)
A man who has a mind to
Turns his wife out-of-doors
When he's inclined to.
Here, that's divorce, they tell me.
But in America, that could never be.
(*to Sharpless*)
Could it?

SHARPLESS (*embarrassed*)
Hardly . . . although . . .

BUTTERFLY
(*interrupts him, turning to Yamadori and Goro in triumph*)
There a good magistrate,
Just and impartial,
Says to the husband:
"You have enough of her?
Why would that be?"
"My wife is lazy,
She drives me crazy!"
Comes the decision:
"Ah, you're a scoundrel,
You go to prison!"
(*To put an end to the subject, she orders Suzuki:*)
Suzuki, tea.

YAMADORI

(*sottovoce a Sharpless, mentre Butterfly prepara il thè*)

Udiste?

SHARPLESS

Mi rattrista una si piena
cecità.

GORO

(*sottovoce a Sharpless e Yamadori*)

Segnalata è già la nave
di Pinkerton.

YAMADORI

(*disperato*)

Quand'essa lo riveda . . .

SHARPLESS

(*pure sottovoce ai due*)

Egli non vuol mostrarsi. — Io venni appunto
per levarla d'inganno.

(*vedendo Butterfly che si avvicina per offrire il thè, tronca il discorso*)

BUTTERFLY

(*con grazia, servendo a Sharpless una tazza di thè*)

Vostra Grazia permette . . .

(*poi apre il ventaglio e dietro a questo accenna ai due, ridendo*)

Che persone moleste!

(*offre il thè a Yamadori, che rifiuta*)

YAMADORI

(*sospirando si alza e si inchina a Butterfly, mettendo la mano sul cuore*)

Addio. Vi lascio il cuor pien di cordoglio:
ma spero ancor.

BUTTERFLY

Padrone.

YAMADORI

(*s'avvia, poi torna presso Butterfly*)

Ah! se voleste . . .

BUTTERFLY

Il guaio è che non voglio . . .

(*Yamadori sospira di nuovo: saluta Sharpless, poi se ne va, seguito dai servi. Butterfly fa cenno a Suzuki di preparare il thè: Suzuki eseguisce, poi va in fondo alla camera. Goro segue premurosamente Yamadori*)

SHARPLESS

(*assume un fare grave, serio, però con gran rispetto e con una certa commozione invita Butterfly a sedere, e torna a tirar fuori di tasca la lettera*)

Ora a noi. — Sedete qui,

(*Butterfly, tutta allegra, siede vicino a Sharpless, che gli presenta la lettera*)

legger con me volete
questa lettera?

BUTTERFLY

Date.

(*prende la lettera, la bacia e poi se la mette sul cuore*)

Sulla bocca, sul cuore . . .

(*rende la lettera a Sharpless e gli dice graziosamente:*)

Siete l'uomo migliore
del mondo. — Incominciate.

SHARPLESS

(*legge*)

*"Amico cercherete*
*quel bel fior di fanciulla . . ."*

BUTTERFLY

(*interrompendolo con gioia*)

Dice proprio cosi?

SHARPLESS

Sì, così dice,
ma se ad ogni momento . . .

BUTTERFLY

(*rimettendosi tranquilla*)

Taccio, taccio — più nulla.

SHARPLESS

(*riprende*)

*"Da quel tempo felice*
*tre anni son passati."*

BUTTERFLY

(*non può trattenersi*)

Anche lui li ha contati.

SHARPLESS

(*continua*)

*"E forse Butterfly*
*non mi rammenta più."*

BUTTERFLY

(*sorpresa*)

Non lo rammento?

(*rivolgendosi a Suzuki*)

Suzuki, dillo tu.

(*ripete come scandolezzata le parole della lettera*)

"Non mi rammenta più!"

(*Suzuki accenna affermando, poi entra nella stanza a sinistra*)

YAMADORI

(*softly, to Sharpless, while Butterfly makes tea*)

You heard her?

SHARPLESS

I am saddened by so much blindness
To the truth.

GORO

(*whispers to Yamadori and Sharpless*)

Pinkerton's vessel soon will enter the harbor —

YAMADORI (*in despair*)

The moment that she sees him —

SHARPLESS (*whispers to both*)

He does not want to see her,
I came expressly to explain what happened —

(*Seeing that Butterfly is approaching him with tea, he cuts short his sentence.*)

BUTTERFLY

(*charmingly, offering Sharpless a cup of tea*)

Will your honor permit me —

(*opens her fan, and behind it points to the two others, laughing*)

What a bothersome person!

(*offers tea to Yamadori, who refuses*)

YAMADORI

(*rises with a sigh and bows to Butterfly with hand on heart*)

I leave you. You have my heart,
Heavy, but hopeful, as I depart.

BUTTERFLY

Your privilege.

YAMADORI

(*is leaving, but returns to Butterfly*)

If you were willing . . .

BUTTERFLY

Too bad I am not willing.

(*Yamadori, after having bowed to Sharpless, goes off sighing, followed by his servants. Butterfly signs to Suzuki to remove the tea. Suzuki obeys, then retires to the back of the room. Goro promptly follows Yamadori.*)

SHARPLESS

(*assumes a grave and serious aspect; with great respect, however, and some emotion, he invites Butterfly to be seated, and once more draws the letter from his pocket*)

We're alone — Sit here with me.

(*Butterfly merrily seats herself near Sharpless, who shows her the letter.*)

And if you like, you'll read this letter through with me.

BUTTERFLY

May I?

(*takes the letter, kisses it, then places it on her heart*)

Let me kiss it, caress it . . .

(*gives it back to Sharpless, saying, prettily*)

No one ever was kinder than you are.
Now, won't you read it?

SHARPLESS (*reads*)

"Dear friend, I beg you go and see
That sweet little flower —"

BUTTERFLY

(*interrupting him joyfully*)

Did he say it like that?

SHARPLESS

Yes, to the letter,
But if at ev'ry moment . . .

BUTTERFLY (*calming down again*)

I'll be quiet — I promise.

SHARPLESS (*resumes*)

"Since those fair days together,
Three years have now gone by —"

BUTTERFLY

(*unable to contain herself*)

He has counted them also!

SHARPLESS (*continues*)

"And maybe Butterfly
Forgot me long ago."

BUTTERFLY (*surprised*)

I could forget him?

(*turning to Suzuki*)

Suzuki, you should know.

(*repeats as though scandalized at the words of the letter*)

"Forgot me long ago!"

(*Suzuki nods her head affirmatively, then goes into room on left.*)

SHARPLESS
(*fra sè*)

(Pazienza!)

(*seguita a leggere*)

*"Se mi vuole*
*bene ancora, se m' aspetta . . ."*

BUTTERFLY
(*assai commossa*)

Oh le dolci parole!

(*prende la lettera e la bacia*)

Tu, benedetta!

SHARPLESS

(*riprende la lettera e seguita a leggere imperterrito, ma con voce commossa*)

*"A voi mi raccomando*
*perchè vogliate con circospezione*
*prepararla . . ."*

BUTTERFLY
(*ansiosa e raggiante*)

Ritorna . . .

SHARPLESS

*"al colpo . . ."*

BUTTERFLY
(*salta di gioia e batte le mani*)

Quando?
Presto! presto!

SHARPLESS

(*rassegnato piega la lettera e la ripone in tasca*)

(Benone.
Qui troncarla conviene . . .

(*crollando il capo arrabbiato*)

Quel diavolo d'un Pinkerton!)

(*si alza e seriissimo guardando negli occhi Butterfly, le dice:*)

Ebbene,
che fareste Madama Butterfly
s'ei non dovesse ritornar più mai?

BUTTERFLY

(*immobile, come colpita a morte, china la testa e dice con sommessione infantile:*)

Due cose potrei fare:
tornare a divertire
la gente col cantare
oppur, meglio, morire.

SHARPLESS

(*vivamente commosso passeggia agitatissimo, poi torna verso Butterfly, le prende le due mani e con paterna tenerezza le dice:*)

Di strapparvi assai mi costa
dai miraggi ingannatori.
Accogliete la proposta
di quel ricco Yamadori.

BUTTERFLY
(*ritirando le mani*)

Voi, signor, mi dite questo! Voi?

SHARPLESS
(*imbarazzato*)

Santo Iddio, come si fa?

BUTTERFLY
(*batte le mani; Suzuki accorre*)

Qui, Suzuki, presto presto,
che Sua Grazia se ne va.

SHARPLESS

Mi scacciate?

(*fa per avviarsi, ma Butterfly corre a lui singhiozzando e lo trattiene*)

BUTTERFLY

Ve ne prego,
già l'insistere non vale.

(*congeda Suzuki, la quale va nel giardino*)

SHARPLESS
(*scusandosi*)

Fui brutale, non lo nego.

BUTTERFLY

(*dolorosamente, portandosi la mano al cuore*)

Oh, mi fate tanto male,
tanto male, tanto, tanto!

(*Butterfly vacilla; Sharpless fa per sorreggerla*)

(*subito dominandosi*)

Niente, niente!
Ho creduto morir. — Ma passa presto
come passan le nuvole sul mare . . .

SHARPLESS (*to himself*)

(Dear Heaven!)

(*continues reading*)

"If she thinks of me still,
If she's waiting" . . .

BUTTERFLY (*deeply moved*)

Oh, what heartwarming phrases!

(*takes the letter and kisses it*)

Oh, blessed letter!

SHARPLESS

(*takes the letter back and boldly resumes reading, though his voice is trembling with emotion*)

"In order to prepare her,
I think it would be better
If you were to tell her gently —"

BUTTERFLY (*anxiously, but radiant*)

He's coming —

SHARPLESS

"The shock might —"

BUTTERFLY

(*jumping for joy and clapping her hands*)

Really? When? When?

SHARPLESS

(*resignedly folds up the letter and replaces it in his pocket*)

(The devil!
I can spare her no longer!)

(*shaking his head in vexation*)

(I'll have to tell the truth to her.)

(*rises, and looking straight into Butterfly's eyes, very seriously*)

Now tell me, Madame Butterfly,
What would you do
If he should never come back to you?

BUTTERFLY

(*motionless, like one who has received a death blow, bows her head, and says with childlike submissiveness*)

Two courses would remain —
Again to entertain the people with my songs —
Or else — better — to die.

SHARPLESS

(*is deeply moved, and walks up and down excitedly — then he turns to Butterfly, takes her hands in his, and says with fatherly tenderness*)

To destroy all your illusions
Makes me feel extremely sorry.
But I beg you take the offer
Of that wealthy Yamadori.

BUTTERFLY

(*withdrawing her hands from his*)

You, even you,
Of all people . . .

SHARPLESS (*embarrassed*)

O, dear God, what can I do?

BUTTERFLY

(*claps her hands — Suzuki hastens in*)

Quick, Suzuki, hurry, hurry,
Show his Honor to the door.

SHARPLESS

You dismiss me?

(*is on the point of leaving, but Butterfly runs to him sobbing, and holds him back*)

BUTTERFLY

Please forgive me —
But your words upset me greatly.

(*dismisses Suzuki, who goes into the garden*)

SHARPLESS (*making excuses*)

I was cruel, I don't deny it.

BUTTERFLY

(*sadly, laying her hand on her heart*)

Oh, you have wounded me so deeply!

SHARPLESS (*with emotion*)

(*Butterfly totters; Sharpless is about to support her, but she quickly rallies.*)

BUTTERFLY

Nothing, Nothing!
I was sure I would die —
But soon it passed away —
As gently as clouds above the ocean.

Ah! . . . mi ha scordata?

(*corre nella stanza di sinistra, rientra trionfalmente tenendo il suo bambino seduto sulla spalla e lo mostra a Sharpless gloriandosene*)

E questo? . . . e questo? . . . e questo
egli potrà pure scordare? . . .

(*depone il bambino a terra e lo tiene stretto a sè*)

SHARPLESS
(*con emozione*)

Egli è suo?

BUTTERFLY
(*indicando mano, mano*)

Chi vide mai
a bimbo del Giappone occhi azzurrini?
E il labbro? E i ricciolini
d'oro schietto?

SHARPLESS
(*sempre più commosso*)

È palese.
E . . . Pinkerton lo sa?

BUTTERFLY

No. È nato quand' egli stava
in quel suo gran paese.

(*accarezza il suo bambino*)

Ma voi gli scriverete che l' aspetta
un figlio senza pari!
e mi saprete dir s' ei non s' affretta
per le terre e pei mari!

(*fa sedere il bimbo sul cuscino e lo bacia teneramente*)

Sai tu cos' ebbe cuore

(*gli indica Sharpless*)

di pensar quel signore?
Che tua madre dovrà
prenderti in braccio ed alla pioggia e al vento
andar per la città
a guadagnarti il pane e il vestimento.
E alle impietosite
genti, la man tremante stenderà!
Gridando: "Udite, udite
la triste mia canzon.
A un infelice madre la carità,
muovetevi a pietà."
E Butterfly, orribile destino,
danzerà per te!
E come fece già — la Geisha canterà!

(*mostrando il bimbo e carezzandolo*)

E la canzon giuliva e lieta
in un singhiozzo finirà!
Ah! No! No! questo mai!
Questo mestier che al disonore porta!
Morta! Morta! Mai più danzar!
Piuttosto la mia vita vo' troncar!
Ah! morta!

(*mette la sua guancia presso la guancia del bimbo*)

SHARPLESS
(*non può trattenere lagrime*)

(Quanta pietà!)

(*poi, vincendo la propria emozione, dice:*)

Io scendo al piano.
(*Butterfly si alza in piedi e con atto gentile dà la mano a Sharpless, che la stringe con ambe le mani con effusione*)

Mi perdonate?

BUTTERFLY
(*al bimbo*)

A te, dagli la mano.

SHARPLESS
(*prende il bambino in braccio*)

I bei capelli biondi!

(*lo bacia*)

Caro: come ti chiamano?

BUTTERFLY

Rispondi:
oggi il mio nome è: *Dolore*. Però
dite al babbo, scrivendogli, che il giorno
del suo ritorno

*Gioia* mi chiamerò.

SHARPLESS

Tuo padre lo saprà, te lo prometto.

(*mette il bambino in terra, fa un saluto a Butterfly, ed esce rapidamento*)

Ah! he forgot me?

(*runs into the room on the left, and comes back in triumph, carrying her baby on her shoulder, and shows him to Sharpless, full of pride*)

The baby — the baby — my darling!
Could he forget this little darling?

(*puts the child down on the ground and holds him close to her*)

SHARPLESS (*deeply touched*)

It is his?

BUTTERFLY

(*pointing to his features one by one*)

What Japanese child has eyes like his,
As light as tiny blue bells?
Or features, and curly hair
So fair and pretty?

SHARPLESS

(*more and more moved*)

It is obvious.
And does his father know?

BUTTERFLY

No, my husband was far away then,
In his own native country.

(*caressing the child*)

You know now, so you will write him
He's the father of a son no child can rival!
And he will speed the day of his arrival,
Proud and happy to embrace him!

(*seats the child on the cushion and kisses him fondly*)

Do you know, my darling,
What his Honor has been thinking?

(*points to Sharpless*)

With my child in my arms I ought to wander
Throughout the city,
Through biting wind and blinding rain,
Begging for food, the bitter crumbs of pity,
The trembling hand of supplication
Extended time and time again!
Imploring, "have mercy, have mercy
And hear a mother's song!
A plaintive song her grief stricken lips impart,
May pity move your heart!"
And Butterfly, beneath the star of evil,
Now will dance for you!
And as she did before,
The Geisha sings once more!
The joyous song will soon die away
To end a broken-hearted sigh!
No. I'd rather die!
I shall not live if living means dishonor!
Horror! Horror!
It's best by far — to end a life
That grievous shame would mar!
Ah! Never!

(*She strains the child to her heart, and crouching down on the ground, hugs him passionately.*)

SHARPLESS

(*cannot restrain his tears*)

(Poor little heart!)

(*conquering his emotion, he says*)

I must be going — Will you forgive me?

(*Butterfly rises to her feet and with a charming gesture gives Sharpless her hand; he shakes it cordially with both of his.*)

BUTTERFLY (*to the child*)

Your hand — Just as I taught you.

SHARPLESS

(*takes the child in his arms*)

You golden-headed baby!

(*kisses him*)

Tell me what is your name, my dear?

BUTTERFLY

You tell him:
"Now at this hour is 'SORROW.'
But soon
When my daddy comes back to me,
The day of his returning,
'JOY' will be my name."

SHARPLESS

Your father will be told, that I can promise.

(*puts down the child, bows to Butterfly, and goes out quickly by door on the right*)

BUTTERFLY
(*battendo le mani*)
Suzuki.

SUZUKI
(*di fuori grida*)
Vespa! Rospo maledetto!
(*poi entra trascinando con violenza Goro, che tenta inutilmente di sfuggirle*)

BUTTERFLY
Che fu?

SUZUKI
Ci ronza intorno
il vampiro! e ogni giorno
ai quattro venti
spargendo va
che niuno sa
chi padre al bimbo sia!
(*Suzuki lascia Goro, il quale tenta di giustificarsi*)

GORO
Dicevo . . . solo . . . che là
in America
quando un figliolo è nato maledetto
trarrà sempre reietto la vita
fra le genti!
(*Butterfly, furente, corre al reliquiario e prende il coltello che servì per l'hari-kari—suicidio per condanna—di suo padre, gridando*:)

BUTTERFLY
Ah! tu menti! menti!
(*afferra Goro, che cade a terra, e minaccia d' ucciderlo: Goro grida disperatamente*)
Dillo ancora e t'uccido! . . .

SUZUKI
(*intromettendosi*)
No!
(*spaventata a tale scena prende il bimbo e lo porta nella stanza a sinistra*)

BUTTERFLY
(*presa da disgusto, respinge Goro col piede*)
Va via!
(*Goro fugge: poi Butterfly si scuote, va a riporre il coltello e volgendo il pensiero al suo bambino, esclama*:)
Vedrai, piccolo amore,
mia pena e mio conforto,
il tuo vendicatore
ci porterà lontan nella sua terra.
(*un colpo di cannone*)

SUZUKI
(*entrando affannosamente*)
Il cannone del porto!
(*corre verso il terrazzo: Butterfly la segue*)
Una nave da guerra . . .

BUTTERFLY
(*giubilante, ansante*)
Bianca . . . bianca . . . il vessillo americano
delle stelle . . . Or governa
per ancorare.
(*prende sul tavolino un cannocchiale e corre sul terrazzo: tutta tremante per l' emozione, appunta il cannocchiale verso il porto e dice a Suzuki*:)
Reggimi la mano
ch'io ne discerna
il nome, il nome, il nome. Eccolo:
ABRAMO LINCOLN!
(*dà il cannocchiale a Suzuki, poi in preda a grande esaltazione scendendo dal terrazzo esclama*:)
Tutti han mentito!
tutti! . . . tutti! . . . sol io
lo sapevo — io — che l' amo.
(*a Suzuki*)
Vedi lo scimunito
tuo dubbio? È giunto! è giunto!
proprio nel punto
che ognun diceva: piangi e dispera.
Trionfa il mio
amor, la mia fè trionfa intera.
Ei torna e m'ama!
(*e in preda ad una esaltazione giubilante va al terrazzo, dicendo a Suzuki*:)
Scuoti quella fronda di ciliegio
e m'innonda di fior.
Io vo' tuffare nella pioggia odorosa
l'arsa fronte.
(*singhiozzando per tenerezza*)

SUZUKI
(*calmandola*)
Signora, quetatevi: quel pianto . . .

BUTTERFLY
No: rido, rido! Quanto
lo dovremo aspettare?
Che pensi? Un' ora?

SUZUKI (*shouting outside*)

Vermin, evil-minded demon!

(*She then comes in, roughly dragging in Goro, who tries in vain to escape.*)

BUTTERFLY

What's wrong?

SUZUKI

This fiendish vandal, lying devil,
Is spreading scandal in ev'ry quarter!
His story goes — that no one knows
Who is the baby's father!

(*She releases Goro, who tries to justify himself.*)

GORO

I merely mentioned
That there in America
The child of some one,
Deserted and neglected,
Must live in shame and mis'ry,
Forsaken and rejected!

(*Butterfly, enraged, runs to the shrine, and takes the dagger which from it.*)

BUTTERFLY

Ah! you're lying, lying!

(*seizes Goro, who falls down, and threatens to kill him; Goro utters desperate howls*)

One more word and I'll kill you!

SUZUKI

(*thrusts herself between them*)

No!

(*horrified at such a scene, she takes the baby and carries him into the room on the left*)

BUTTERFLY

(*seized with disgust, pushes him away with her foot*)

Get out!

(*Goro makes his escape; Butterfly remains as though petrified. By degrees she rouses herself and goes to put away the dagger; her thoughts turning to her child, she exclaims:*)

Dear love I so adore,
My only joy and solace,
Dear love I adore,
Ah! he'll avenge you,
So you'll be proud once more
And take us far from sorrow,
Away to his country,
So far away, so far!

(*a cannon-shot*)

SUZUKI (*enters breathlessly*)

The cannon from the harbor!

(*runs toward the terrace — Butterfly follows her*)

It seems to be a warship . . .

BUTTERFLY

(*breathless with excitement*)

White, white — and it's flying
The star-spangled banner —
Now it stops and is dropping anchor!

(*takes a telescope from the table and runs on to the terrace; all trembling with excitement, she directs the telescope towards the harbor, and says to Suzuki*)

Help me hold the glass so I can see the name —
The name, — I see it, there it is: ABRAHAM LINCOLN!

(*gives the telescope to Suzuki, and goes down from the terrace in the greatest state of excitement*)

They all were lying, all were lying!
But I knew it always — because I love him!

(*to Suzuki*)

Were you not foolish ever to doubt him?
I knew it! I knew it!
Just at the moment ev'ry one told me
All hope had vanished,
My love has prevailed and my faith,
Yes, my faith prevailed unvanquished,
For he still loves me!

(*a prey to the greatest excitement and joy, she goes on to the terrace, saying*)

Let the cherry blossoms rain in showers,
Let me drown in their balm,
Let their perfume and their soft silken petals
Cool my forehead.

(*sobbing with tenderness*)

SUZUKI (*soothing her*)

My lady, you must be calm,
You're weeping!

BUTTERFLY

No, I'm laughing, laughing!
Will we have to wait very long? I wonder?
An hour?

SUZUKI

Di più.

BUTTERFLY
(*giudiziosa*)

Due ore forse. Tutto sia pien
di fior, come la notte è di faville.
Va pei fior.

(*accenna a Suzuki di andare nel giardino*)

SUZUKI
(*dal terrazzo*)

Tutti i fior? . . .

BUTTERFLY

Tutti. Pesco, viola, gelsomino,
quanto di cespo, o d' erba, o d' albero fiorì.

SUZUKI

Uno squallor d' inverno sarà tutto il giardino.

(*scende nel giardino*)

BUTTERFLY

Tutta la primavera voglio che olezzi qui.

SUZUKI

(*appare sul terrazzo e sporge un fascio di fiori e di fronde*)

A voi signora.

BUTTERFLY
(*prendendo il fascio*)

Cogline ancora.

(*Butterfly sparge i fiori nella stanza, mentre Suzuki ritorna nel giardino*)

SUZUKI
(*dal giardino*)

Soventi a questa siepe veniste a riguardare
lungi, piangendo nella deserta immensità.

BUTTERFLY

Giunse l'atteso, nulla più chiedo al mare;
diedi pianto alla zolla, essa i suoi fior mi dà.

SUZUKI

(*appare nuovamente sul terrazzo con un altro gran fascio di fiori*)

Spoglio è l'orto

BUTTERFLY
(*prendendo i fiori*)

Spoglio è l'orto.
Vien, m' aiuta.

(*spargono fiori ovunque*)

SUZUKI

Rose al varco
della soglia.

BUTTERFLY

Il suo sedil
di convolvi s' inghirlandi.

SUZUKI

Gigli? . . . viole? . . .

BUTTERFLY

intorno spandi.

BUTTERFLY E SUZUKI

Seminiamo intorno april.

(*con leggero ondulamento di danza spargono ovunque fiori*)

Gettiamo a mani piene
mammole e tuberose,
corolle di verbene
petali d' ogni fior!

(*Butterfly, aiutata da Suzuki va a prendere il necessario per la toeletta*)

SUZUKI

At least . . .

BUTTERFLY (*thoughtfully*)

Or maybe two then.
Flowers, flowers, as many flowers
As there are stars when night has fallen.
(*signs to Suzuki to go into the garden*)

SUZUKI (*from the terrace*)

Bring them all?

BUTTERFLY

Bring them all . . . many, many
Iris, lilies, sprays of green,
Ev'ry kind of leaf and blossom,
Buds from ev'ry tree.

SUZUKI

Barren as winter's wasteland,
The whole garden will be.
(*goes into the garden*)

BUTTERFLY

I want the whole of springtime's glory
For him to see.

SUZUKI

(*appears on the terrace and holds out a large bunch of flowers and foliage to Butterfly*)

I've brought so many.

BUTTERFLY (*taking the bunch*)

Gather some more —

(*Butterfly distributes the flowers about the room, while Suzuki goes back to the garden.*)

SUZUKI (*from the garden*)

So often you have waited and gazed across the ocean,
Longing and yearning, scanning the blue immensity.

BUTTERFLY

Now his returning answers my heart's devotion;
I bathed the earth with my teardrops,
She gave me all her flow'rs!

SUZUKI

(*reappears on the terrace with another load of flowers*)

None are left now —

BUTTERFLY (*taking the flowers*)

None are left now? Come and help me.
(*They scatter flowers everywhere.*)

SUZUKI

Scatter roses on the threshold —

BUTTERFLY AND SUZUKI

Sunshine and springtime ev'rywhere
There for his eyes to see.

SUZUKI

Lilies? Violets?

BUTTERFLY

The golden glow of springtime —

BUTTERFLY AND SUZUKI

Like a lovely day in May.

BUTTERFLY

Gather the heart of springtime,
Blooming in fragrance here.

SUZUKI

Sunshine and springtime ev'rywhere,
There for his eyes to see.

BUTTERFLY

Garland his chair with leaves entwining,
Scented rosy wreaths designing,
Lilies, violets freshly shining
With the golden glow of May!

BUTTERFLY AND SUZUKI

The balm of tender flowers,

(*lightly swaying their bodies to a dance measure, they scatter flowers everywhere*)

Jasmine and budding roses.
In softly falling showers,
Gently unfold the Spring!

BUTTERFLY
(*a Suzuki*)

Or vienmi ad adornar . . .
No! Pria portami il bimbo.
(*Suzuki va nella stanza a sinistra e porta il bambino che fa sedere vicino a Butterfly, la quale, intanto, si guarda in un piccolo specchio e dice tristemente*:)
Non son più quella!
Troppi sospiri la bocca mandò,
e l'occhio riguardò
nel lontan troppo fisso.
(*si alza, torna alla toeletta e dice a Suzuki*:)
Dammi sul viso
un tocco di carmino . . .
(*prende un pennello e mette del rosso sulle guancie del suo bimbo*)
ed anche a te, piccino,
perchè la veglia non ti faccia vôte
per pallore le gote.

SUZUKI
(*a Butterfly*)

Non vi movete che v'ho a
ravviare i capelli.

BUTTERFLY
(*segundo una sua idea*)

Che ne diranno! . . .
E lo zio Bonzo?
Già del mio danno
tutti contenti!
E Yamadori
coi suoi languori!
Beffati,
scornati,
spennati
gl' ingrati!

SUZUKI
(*ha terminato la toeletta*)

È fatto.

BUTTERFLY

L' *obi* che vestii da sposa.
(*Suzuki va ad un cassettone e vi cerca la veste, mentre Butterfly attira a sè il bambino*)

BUTTERFLY
(*depone il bimbo*)

Qua ch'io lo vesta.
(*mentre indossa la veste, Suzuki mette l' altra al bambino, avvolgendolo quasi tutto nella pieghe ampie e leggiere*)
Vo' che mi veda indosso
il vel del primo dì.
E un papavero rosso
nei capelli . . .
(*Suzuki, che ha finito d'abbigliare il bambino, cerca il fiore e lo punta nei capelli di Butterfly, che se ne compiace, guardandosi nello specchio*)

Così.

(*poi fa cenno a Suzuki di chiudere lo* shosi)

Nello *shosi* farem tre forellini
per riguardar,
e starem zitti come topolini
ad aspettar.

(*Porta il bambino presso lo* shosi, *nel quale fa tre fori: uno alto per sè, uno più basso per Suzuki e il terzo ancor più basso pel bimbo, che fa sedere su di un cuscino, accennandogli di guardare attento fuori del foro preparatogli. Suzuki si accoscia e spia essa pure all'esterno. Butterfly si pone innanzi al foro più alto e spia da quello. Dopo qualche tempo Suzuki ed il bambino si addormentano. Intanto si è fatta notte ed i raggi lunari illuminano dall'esterno lo* shosi. *Butterfly rimane immobile, rigida come una statua.*)

## ATTO TERZO

*Passa la notte angosciosa. — Dal porto al basso della collina salgono voci confuse di marinai e rumori diversi. — All'alzarsi del sipario è già l'alba: Butterfly spia sempre al di fuori.*

SUZUKI
(*svegliandosi di soprassalto*)

Già il sole! . . .

(*si alza e batte dolcemente sulla spalla a Butterfly*)

Cio-Cio-San . . .

BUTTERFLY
(*si scuote e fidente dice*:)

Verrà, vedrai.

(*vede il bimbo addormentato e lo prende sulle braccia*)

SUZUKI

Salite a riposare, affranta siete . . .
Al suo venire
vi chiamerò.

BUTTERFLY (*to Suzuki*)

Now help adorn me, too. —
No, first bring me the baby.

(*Suzuki goes into the room on the left and brings the child, whom she seats near Butterfly who meanwhile looks at herself in a small hand-mirror, and says sadly:*)

How time has changed me!
Longing and grieving have saddened my smile . . .
My eyes too long a while
Have been gazing in distance.
Maybe you'll give my face a touch of color . . .
And some for you, my darling,
Lest all the waiting through the passing hours,
Rob your cheeks of their flowers.

SUZUKI

You must stay quiet while I am arranging your hair —

BUTTERFLY

(*pursuing her thoughts*)

And my relations! What will they say now?
They were so pleased to see my damnation!
And Yamadori in all his glory!
My triumph will pain them, I shame them,
I scorn and disdain them!

SUZUKI

(*has finished Butterfly's toilet*)

I'm ready.

BUTTERFLY

The obi I wore as a bride —

(*Suzuki brings the obi and the white garment.*)

BUTTERFLY

(*puts down the child*)

Now I shall wear it. So he may see me
Just as I was my wedding night.
In my hair I will wear a scarlet poppy,

(*Suzuki fetches the flower and places it in Butterfly's hair. The latter looks at herself in the glass, and is pleased with the effect.*)

That's right.

(*she then signs to Suzuki to lower the shosi*)

In the shosi we'll make three little holes
So that we can see . . .
Like little mice we'll wait for him
As quietly as can be.

(*She carries the child close to the shosi, in which she makes three holes, one high up for herself, one lower down for Suzuki, and a third one lower still for the baby, whom she seats on a cushion, showing him how to look out of his hole. Suzuki crouches down and also gazes out through her hole. Butterfly stands in front of the top hole and gazes through it. After some time Suzuki and the child fall asleep. Meanwhile night has fallen, and the rays of the moon shed their lights from without the shosi. Butterfly remains motionless, rigid as a statue.*)

## ACT III

(*The weary night of watching passes. The clanging of chains and anchors and the distant voices of sailors rise from the harbor at the foot of the hill. At the rising of the curtain it is already dawn; Butterfly, still motionless, is gazing out into the distance.*)

SUZUKI

(*awakening with a start*)

It's morning!

(*rises and taps Butterfly lightly on the shoulder*)

Cho-Cho-San!

BUTTERFLY

(*starts, and says confidently*)

He'll come, I know he'll come.

(*sees that the child has fallen asleep, and takes him in her arms*)

SUZUKI

Go in and take a rest, you are exhausted . . .
And I will call you when he arrives.

BUTTERFLY

(*cantando dolcemente s' avvia per la scaletta*)

Dormi amor mio,
dormi sul mio cor.
Tu sei con Dio
ed io col mio dolor.
A te i rai
degli astri d' or:
Bimbo mio dormi!

(*entra nella camera superiore*)

SUZUKI

(*la guarda salire e dice con gran pietà:*)

Povera Butterfly!

(*Suzuki si inginocchia innanzi al simulacro di Budda, poi va ad aprire lo* shosi)

PINKERTON E SHARPLESS

(*picchiano lievemente all' uscio d' ingresso.*)

SUZUKI

Chi sia?

(*va ad aprire e rimane grandemente sorpresa*)

Oh! . . .

SHARPLESS

(*facendole cenno di non far rumore*)

Zitta! zitta!

(*Pinkerton e Sharpless entrano cautamente in punta di piedi*)

PINKERTON

(*premurosamente a Suzuki:*)

Zitta! zitta! Non la destar.

SUZUKI

Era stanca sì tanto! Vi stette ad aspettare
tutta la notte col bimbo.

PINKERTON

Come sapea? . . .

SUZUKI

Non giunge
da tre anni una nave nel porto, che da lunge
Butterfly non ne scruti il color, la bandiera.

SHARPLESS

(*a Pinkerton*)

Ve lo dissi? . . .

SUZUKI

(*per andare*)

La chiamo . . .

PINKERTON

(*fermandola*)

Non ancora.

SUZUKI

Lo vedete, ier sera,
la stanza volle sparger di fiori.

SHARPLESS

(*commosso*)

Ve lo dissi?

PINKERTON

(*turbato*)

Che pena!

SUZUKI

(*sente rumore nel giardino, sorpresa*)

Chi c' è là fuori
nel giardino?

(*va a guardare fuori dallo* shosi *e con meraviglia esclama:*)

Una donna!! . . .

PINKERTON

(*la riconduce sul davanti*)

Zitta!

SUZUKI

(*agitata*)

Chi è? chi è?

SHARPLESS

Meglio dirle ogni cosa.

PINKERTON

(*imbarazzato*)

È venuta con me.

SHARPLESS

(*deliberatamente*)

È sua moglie.

SUZUKI

(*sbalordita, alza le braccia al cielo, poi si precipita in ginocchio colla faccia contro terra*)

Anime sante degli avi! . . . alla piccina
s'è spento il sol!

SHARPLESS

(*calmando Suzuki e sollevandola da terra*)

Scegliemmo quest'ora mattutina
per ritrovarti sola, Suzuki, e alla gran prova
un aiuto, un sostegno cercar con te.

BUTTERFLY

(*singing softly as she goes up the staircase*)

Sleep, child of sorrow,
Sleep, my darling boy;
Maybe to-morrow,
Our grief will change to joy;

(*goes into the room above*)

SUZUKI

(*watches her go, and says with deep pity*)

Poor little Butterfly . . .

(*Suzuki kneels before the image of Buddha, then goes to open the shosi.*)

PINKERTON AND SHARPLESS

(*knock gently at the door*)

SUZUKI

Who could that be?

(*goes to open the door, and stands greatly surprised*)

Oh!

SHARPLESS

(*signing her not to make a noise*)

Ssh! Quiet!

(*Pinkerton and Sharpless enter cautiously on tiptoe.*)

PINKERTON

(*anxiously, to Suzuki*)

Quiet! Don't call her yet.

SUZUKI

She was dreadfully tired!
She waited for your coming
The whole night long with the baby.

PINKERTON

How did she know?

SUZUKI

The last three years no ship ever entered the port
That she has not observed from here,
To determine the flag and the colors.

SHARPLESS (*to Pinkerton*)

See, I told you!

SUZUKI (*going*)

I'll call her . . .

PINKERTON (*stopping her*)

No, not just now.

SUZUKI

Look around you,
Last night she adorned the room
With blossoms and flowers.

SHARPLESS (*deeply touched*)

See, I told you!

PINKERTON (*troubled*)

Dear Heaven!

SUZUKI

(*hears a noise in the garden; goes to look outside the shosi and exclaims in surprise:*)

Who is that waiting in the garden?
It's a lady!

PINKERTON

(*leading her forward again*)

Quiet!

SUZUKI (*excitedly*)

Who is she? Who is she?

SHARPLESS

It is better to tell her . . .

SUZUKI

Who is she? Who is she?

PINKERTON (*in confusion*)

She has come here with me.

SUZUKI

Who is she? Who is she?

SHARPLESS (*deliberately*)

She's his wife!

SUZUKI

(*stupified, raises her arms to Heaven, then falls on her knees with her face to the ground*)

Heavenly spirits, have mercy!
All poor Butterfly's hope is gone,
Her hope is gone.

SHARPLESS

(*calming her, and raising her from the ground*)

We came here so early in the morning
To speak to you alone first, Suzuki,
So we may ask your support and assistance
In all this woe.

SUZUKI
(*desolata*)

Che giova? Che giova?

(*Sharpless prende a parte Suzuki e cerca colla preghiera e colla persuasione di averne il consenso: Pinkerton, sempre più agitato, si aggira per la stanza ed osserva*)

SHARPLESS
(*a Suzuki*)

Io so che alle sue pene
non ci sono conforti!
Ma del bimbo conviene
assicurar le sorti!
La pïetosa
che entrar non osa
materna cura
del bimbo avrà.

SUZUKI

E volete ch'io chieda
a una madre . . .

SHARPLESS
(*insistendo*)

Suvvia,
parla con quella pia
e conducila qui — s'anche la veda
Butterfly, non importa.
Anzi — meglio se accorta
del vero si facesse alla sua vista.
Vien, Suzuki, vien! . . .

SUZUKI

Oh me trista! me trista!

(*spinta da Sharpless va nel giardino a raggiungere Mistress Pinkerton*)

PINKERTON

Oh! l'amara fragranza
di questi fiori
velenosa al cor mi va.
Immutata è la stanza
dei nostri amori . . .
ma un gel di morte vi sta.

(*vede il proprio ritratto, lo osserva*)

Il mio ritratto!

(*lo depone*)

Tre anni son passati — e noverati
n'ha i giorni e l'ore!

(*agitatissimo a queste rimembranze si rivolge a Sharpless, che è ritornato a lui vicino*)

Non posso rimaner. — Sharpless,
v' aspetto
per via.
Datele voi qualche soccorso . . .
(*consegna danari al Console*)

Mi struggo dal rimorso.

SHARPLESS

Non ve l'avevo detto?

PINKERTON

Sì, tutto in un istante
vedo il fallo mio e sento
che di questo tormento
tregua mai non avrò.
Sempre il mite suo sembiante
con strazio atroce vedrò.
Addio fiorito asil
di letizia e d'amor.
Non reggo al tuo squallor!
Fuggo, fuggo — son vil.

SHARPLESS

Vel dissi . . . vi ricorda?
quando la man vi diede:
"Badate, ella ci crede"
e fui profeta allor!
Sorda ai consigli, sorda
ai dubbi — vilipesa
nell'ostinata attesa
raccolse il cor.
Ma ormai quel cor sincero

SUZUKI (*in despair*)

It's hopeless! It's hopeless!

(*Sharpless takes her aside and tries to persuade her into consenting, while Pinkerton, getting more and more agitated, wanders about the room, noting every detail.*)

SHARPLESS (*to Suzuki*)

I know we're hoping vainly
To console such a sorrow,
But our one aim is mainly
To secure the child's tomorrow!
Full of pity, that kindly lady,
Will give him love and mother's care.

SUZUKI

Such a message! And you want me
To tell that to a mother?

SHARPLESS (*persisting*)

Do us this favor,
Go out and speak to her for just a moment,
And then bring her inside;
And if she met with Butterfly, does it matter?
Better even if she were to learn the bitter truth
Once she has seen her.

SUZUKI

How to tell her!
Poor little Butterfly's life is dark!
Oh! How hopeless!
All her hopes and dreams shattered!
All of her sunshine,
All joy is gone!

(*Sharpless pushes her into the garden, where she joins Mr. Pinkerton.*)

PINKERTON

Oh, how bitter these flowers
Forlorn perfume,
Faded blossoms once as fair
As the love that was ours in this very room.
The touch of death fills the air!
(*sees his own likeness and takes it up*)
Here is my picture.
(*puts it down*)
Three years ago we parted,
Three years have gone already,
And she has marked their going,
Forever counting the steady flowing
Of days and hours!
(*agitated by these reminiscences he turns to Sharpless*)
I cannot bear to stay,
Sharpless, I cannot remain here!

SHARPLESS

Remember how I warned you?

PINKERTON

See to her needs, provide some resources.
How cruel my remorse is!

SHARPLESS

Remember what I told you?
Then I foresaw it clearly:
"Remember, she loves sincerely!"
My prophecy came true.
Deaf to friendly pleading,
Deaf to warning and unheeding,
Faithfully persevering,
She trusted you.

PINKERTON

Yes, now I understand it,
My grave and fatal error!
My guilt will always haunt and torment me,
Peace will never return, no!

SHARPLESS

Then leave us;
She'll hear the sorrowful truth
When you are gone . . .

PINKERTON

Farewell, my beloved dream,
Sweet remembrance evermore . . .
Telling of joyous love in springtime,
Happiness I turned to woe . . .

SHARPLESS

Already dark forebodings possess her heart!
I told you, you remember?
I said it all before.

PINKERTON

My guilty heart is sore!
Farewell then, I must flee!
Regretful forevermore,
Ah! I must flee.

forse presago è già.
Andate — il triste vero
da sola apprenderà.

(*Pinkerton, strette le mani al Console, esce rapidamente, mentre Kate e Suzuki vengono dal giardino*)

KATE

(*a Suzuki*)

Glielo dirai?

SUZUKI

Prometto.

KATE

E le darai consiglio
d' affidarmi? . . .

SUZUKI

Prometto.

KATE

Lo terrò come un figlio.

SUZUKI

Vi credo. Ma bisogna ch'io le sia sola accanto . . .
nella grande ora . . . sola! Piangerà tanto tanto!

BUTTERFLY

(*dall'interno della camera superiore*)

Suzuki, dove sei?

(*appare in cima alla scaletta*)

Suzuki! . . .

SUZUKI

(*fa cenno agli altri di tacere, poi risponde:*)

Son qui . . . pregavo e rimettevo a posto . . .

(*Butterfly scende: Suzuki si precipita verso la scaletta per impedire a Butterfly di scendere*)

No . . . no . . . non scendete . . .

BUTTERFLY

(*discende precipitosa, svincolandosi da Suzuki che cerca invano di trattenerla, poi si aggira per la stanza con grande agitazione, ma giubilante*)

È qui . . . dov'è nascosto?

(*vede Sharpless*)

Ecco il Console . . . e . . . dove? dove? . . .

(*cerca dietro ai paraventi*)

Non c'è.

(*si volge e vede Madama Pinkerton*)

Quella donna? Che vuol da me?
Niuno parla! . . . Perchè piangete?
No: non ditemi nulla . . . nulla — forse potrei
cader morta sull'attimo. — Tu Suzuki che sei
tanto buona — non piangere! — e mi vuoi tanto bene
un Sì, un No, dì piano . . . Vive?

SUZUKI

Sì.

BUTTERFLY

Ma non viene più.
Te l'han detto! . . .

(*irritata al silenzio di Suzuki*)

Vespa! Voglio che tu risponda.

SUZUKI

Mai più.

BUTTERFLY

Ma è giunto ieri?

SUZUKI

Sì.

BUTTERFLY

(*guarda Kate, quasi affascinata*)

Quella donna
mi fa tanta paura, tanta paura!

SHARPLESS

È la causa innocente d' ogni vostra sciagura.
Perdonatele.

BUTTERFLY

Ah! è sua moglie!
Tutto è morto per me!
Tutto è finito!

SHARPLESS

Then leave,
She'll hear the sad truth when you are gone.

(*Pinkerton wrings the Consul's hands, goes out quickly as Kate and Suzuki come in from the garden.*)

KATE

And you will tell her?

SUZUKI

I promise.

KATE

Assure her from my heart
That she can trust me.

SUZUKI

I promise.

KATE

I shall treat him as my son.

SUZUKI

I trust you! But let no one beside myself be with her
In her darkest moment . . . no one!
For her heart will be breaking!

BUTTERFLY

(*calling from the room above*)

Suzuki, Suzuki, do you hear me?
Where are you?

SUZUKI

(*signs to the others to keep quiet, then answers*)

I'm here. I'm praying, and putting things in order —

(*Butterfly comes down. Suzuki rushes toward the staircase to prevent her from coming.*)

No, No, do not come down yet.

BUTTERFLY

(*comes down quickly, freeing herself from Suzuki, who tries in vain to hold her back; then she paces the room in a state of great excitement but happiness*)

He's here — where is he hiding?

(*sees Sharpless*)

There's the Consul — Where is he? Tell me!

(*looks behind the screens*)

He's not here!

(*turns and sees Mrs. Pinkerton*)

That lady?
What does she want? No one answers!
Why are you crying?
No, I don't want to hear it — ever —
For I might die at the moment I hear it.
You Suzuki, so good and so faithful,
Don't cry for me! For I know that you love me,
Say "yes" or "no," just softly,
He's alive?

SUZUKI

Yes.

BUTTERFLY

But he won't return —
They have told you!

(*angered at Suzuki's silence*)

Viper! Answer what I have asked you.

SUZUKI

He won't.

BUTTERFLY (*coldly*)

He did arrive though?

SUZUKI

Yes.

BUTTERFLY

(*looks at Kate as though compelled*)

Ah, that lady makes me terribly frightened!

SHARPLESS

She's the innocent cause
Of all your grief and misfortune. Please forgive her.

BUTTERFLY (*in a calm voice*)

Ah! She's his wife!
All is over for me,
All is ended!

SHARPLESS

Coraggio!

BUTTERFLY

Voglion prendermi tutto! il figlio mio.

SHARPLESS

Fatelo pel suo bene, il sacrifizio.

BUTTERFLY

Ah! triste madre!
Abbandonar mio figlio!
E sia! A lui devo obbedir!

KATE

(*dolcemente*)

Potete perdonarmi, Butterfly?

BUTTERFLY

(*con aria grave*)

Sotto il gran ponte del cielo
non v' è donna di voi più felice.
Siatelo sempre,
non v'attristate per me.

KATE

(*avviandosi, dice a Sharpless*:)

Povera piccina!

SHARPLESS

(*assai commosso*)

È un' immensa pietà!

KATE

(*sottovoce a Sharpless*)

E il figlio lo darà?

BUTTERFLY

(*che ha udito*)

A lui lo potrò dare
se lo verrà a cercare.
Fra mezz' ora salite la collina.
(*Suzuki accompagna Kate e Sharpless che escono dalla porta di destra. Butterfly si reggea stento: Suzuki si affretta a sorreggerla*)

SUZUKI

(*mettendo una mano sul cuore a Butterfly*)

Come una mosca prigioniera
l' ali batte il piccolo cuor!

BUTTERFLY

(*si è riavuta e vedendo che è giorno fatto si scioglie di Suzuki dicendole*:)

Troppo luce è di fuor,
e troppa primavera.
Chiudi.
(*Suzuki chiude porte e tende: la camera rimane quasi in completa oscurità*)

(*a Suzuki*)

Il bimbo ove sia?

SUZUKI

Giuoca. Lo chiamo?

BUTTERFLY

Lascialo giuocar.

(*congedandola*)

Va a fargli compagnia.

SUZUKI

(*piangendo*)

Resto con voi.

BUTTERFLY

(*risolutamente batte le mani*)

Va — va. Te lo comando.

(*fa alzare Suzuki e la spinge fuori dell'uscio di sinistra. — Poi Butterfly accende un lume davanti al reliquiario, si inchina e rimane immobile assorta in doloroso pensiero: va allo stipo, ne leva un gran velo bianco che getta sul paravento; poi prende il coltello, che chiuso in un astuccio di lacca sta appeso alla parete presso il simulacro di Budda, lo impugna e ne bacia religiosamente la lama tenendola colle due mani per la punta e per l'impugnatura: quindi legge le parole che sono incise sulla lama*:)

"Con onor muore
Chi non può serbar vita con onore."

(*si appunta il coltello alla gola; s'apre la porta di sinistra e si vede il braccio di Suzuki che spinge i bambino verso la madre; il bimbo entra correndo colle manine alzate; Butterfly lascia cadere il coltello, si precipita verso il bambino, lo abbraccia soffocandolo di baci.*)

Tu, tu, piccolo Iddio!
Amore, amore mio,
fior di giglio e di rosa.

SHARPLESS

Have courage.

BUTTERFLY (*shyly*)

They'll take ev'rything from me!
They'll take my baby?

SHARPLESS

Only so he may have a brighter future.

BUTTERFLY

To ask a mother to leave her son —
So be it, I must do as he says!

KATE (*gently*)

Then can you forgive me, Butterfly?

BUTTERFLY (*solemnly*)

Under the arches of heaven
There's no woman as happy as you are.
Stay so forever,
Never feel sorry for me.

KATE

(*going away, says to Sharpless*)

Poor little creature.

SHARPLESS (*deeply moved*)

It is utter despair!

KATE (*whispers to Sharpless*)

And may he have his son?

BUTTERFLY (*who has heard*)

I'll give him to his father,
If he will come to take him.
Within half an hour you may return.

(*Suzuki escorts Kate and Sharpless, who go out by the door on the right; Butterfly is on the point of collapsing; Suzuki hastens to support her.*)

SUZUKI

(*laying her hand on Butterfly's heart*)

Hear how her little heart is beating,
Like a bird all trembling with fright.

BUTTERFLY

(*gradually recovers; seeing that it is now broad daylight she disengages herself from Suzuki and says*)

All the room is too bright,
Too full of joy and springtime!
Make it darker.

(*pointing to the curtains*)

(*Suzuki closes doors and curtains — the room is almost in total darkness.*)

Where is the baby?

SUZUKI

Playing. Shall I call him?

BUTTERFLY

Leave him there to play!

(*dismissing her*)

You go and keep him company

SUZUKI

I'll stay with you.

(*throws herself weeping at Butterfly's feet*)

BUTTERFLY

(*resolutely — clapping her hands*)

Go — go — I must command you!

(*makes the weeping Suzuki rise, and pushes her outside the exit on the left. Then Butterfly goes in front of the image of Buddha, bows before it and remains motionless, lost in sad thought; she goes to the shrine and takes from it a large white veil which she throws across the screen; she takes the dagger which, in a waxen sheath, is leaning against the wall near the image of Buddha, and piously kisses the blade, holding it with both hands by the point and by the handle; then she reads the words inscribed on the blade*)

"He shall die with honor
Who no longer can live his life with honor."

(*She points the dagger at her throat; the door on the left opens and shows Suzuki's arm pushing in the child to his mother; the child runs to her with outstretched hands. Butterfly lets the dagger fall, darts towards the child and hugs and kisses him almost to suffocation.*)

You, you my dearest treasure!
My joy beyond all measure,
Bloom of rose and lily,

Non saperlo mai.
per te, per i tuoi puri
occhi, muor Butterfly
perchè tu possa andare
di là dal mare
senza che ti rimorda ai dì maturi
il materno abbandono.
O a me, sceso dal trono
dell' alto Paradiso,
guarda ben fiso, fiso
di tua madre la faccia! . . .
che te'n resti una traccia,
guarda ben!
Amore addio!

(*guarda lungamente il suo bimbo e lo bacia ancora*)

Addio! piccolo amor!
Va. Gioca, gioca.

(*Butterfly prende il bambino, lo mette su di una stuoia col viso voltato verso sinistra, gli dà in mano una banderuola americana ed una puppattola e lo invita a trastullarsi mentre delicatamente gli benda gli occhi. Poi afferra il coltello, chiude la porta di sinistra e collo sguardo sempre fisso sul figlio, va dietro il paravento. Si ode cadere a terra il coltello, mentre il gran velo bianco sparisce come tirato da una mano invisible. Butterfly scivola a terra, mezza fuori del paravento: il velo le circonda il collo. Con un debole sorriso saluta colla mano il bambino e si trascina presso di lui, avendo ancora forza sufficientt per abbracciarlo, poi gli cade vicino. In questo momento si ode fuori, a destra, la voce affannosa di Pinkerton che chiama ripetutamente:*

Butterfly! Butterfly!

*poi la porta di destra è violentemente scossa ed aperta: Pinkerton e Sharpless si precipitano nella stanza, accorrendo presso Butterfly, che con debole gesto indica il bambino e muore. Pinkerton si inginocchia, mentre Sharpless prende il bimbo e lo bacia singhiozzando.*)

FINE

You shall never know — I die for you,
Your adoring mother, poor Butterfly,
So you'll live happily beyond the ocean,
Spared of the bitter knowledge
When you grow older,
Of your mother's devotion.
My son, sent down from heaven,
Most fair of God's own creatures,
Rest your eyes on my features,
That a trace of their semblance
Linger on in your remembrance!
Look again, beloved angel!
Forever we say goodbye!
Go — play — play.

(*Butterfly takes the child, sets him on a stool with his face turned to the left, puts the American flag and a doll in his hands and motions him to play with them, while she gently bandages his eyes. Then she seizes a dagger, and her eyes still fixed on the child, goes behind the screen. The knife is heard falling to the ground, and the large white veil disappears, as though drawn by an invisible hand. Butterfly emerges from behind the screen, the large white veil is round her neck. Tottering, she gropes her way towards the child, and smiling feebly, has just enough strength to embrace him before she falls to the ground beside him. At this moment Pinkerton's voice is heard outside, on the right, calling repeatedly*:

Butterfly! Butterfly!

(*then the door on the right is violently burst open: Pinkerton and Sharpless rush into the room and up to Butterfly, who, with a feeble gesture, points to the child and dies. Pinkerton falls on his knees while Sharpless takes the child and kisses him, sobbing.*)

THE END

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